

CLOSE UP

Vol. II - No 3

March 1928

AS IS

BY THE EDITOR

Excitement reigned last month in respect of *Jeanne Ney*, with which readers are now more than familiar. It will be remembered that a long notice of admiration and praise was accorded it in the December *Close Up*, parts of which *Wardour Films Limited* printed in their Trade Show programme. We heard first that it had been bought for England, that its name would be altered to *Revolution*. At the moment of going to press we heard it had been cut so much as to be hardly worth seeing. This, however, was an exaggeration. There were some cuts, but worse might so easily have been done. At the eleventh hour, so to speak, the name was changed again to *Lusts of the Flesh*. Solemnly to that. *Lusts of the Flesh*, a title that has about as much application to the film as would some such name as *Long Pants Willie* ! At the moment of

writing, there is a rumor that the title will be changed again(*). Let us pray. It seems odd not to adhere to the original one. *Jeanne Ney* is a good title, it suggests drama, it suggests character. *Lusts of the Flesh* clearly was meant to capture the interest of the illiterate, and *Jeanne Ney* definitely is not a film for the illiterate. By illiterate I mean spiritual and intellectual illiteracy, which might and very often does, belong to a nobleman or a prince. Whole sections of factory hands and workers generally would understand the distinction and the truth of the film. Other sections wouldn't, but that is beside the point.

Lusts of the Flesh was meant to rope in those who go for a kind of meretricious aphrodisiac, for the sub-normal or dismally thwarted. *Jeanne Ney* is emphatically not for these. Thus the name gains it nothing, but rather loses it much, for who would go in ignorance, and by chance to a film with a name like that, suggesting Nita Naldi at her Naldest, or Garbo on a pinnacle of sexy fatuity, when even dirty little slapstick comics have very often names with far more grace and wit?

But, coming back to the waiting *moutons*, *Jeanne Ney* was given a licence "for adults only". And its release is provisionally dated for December 31st, 1928. And you wonder why your editor is cantankerous!

However, there it is. The London trade show was marred by the fact that the film was projected from *behind* the screen,

(*) This has now been done. The film will be called *The Loves of Jeanne Ney*.

CLOSE UP

and thus made the grain of the screen often visible. Other parts were raced through much too quickly, and the music was not all it should have been. All the same, remembering trade shows in general, it might have been far worse. The date of release, provisionally fixed for December 31st. next is a great pity, for by that time the film will no longer be new, and its methods may have been imitated. People who have at last caught up with *Joyless Street* and make complaints, forget it is five years old. In the cinema so much happens in five days !

Altogether the story of *Jeanne Ney* is one that leads the way to discussion, among those who care, of what lines may or might conceivably be followed in planning a system whereby it would be possible to have films intact for the people that want them so.

Pabst, writing to us, has some excellent suggestions.

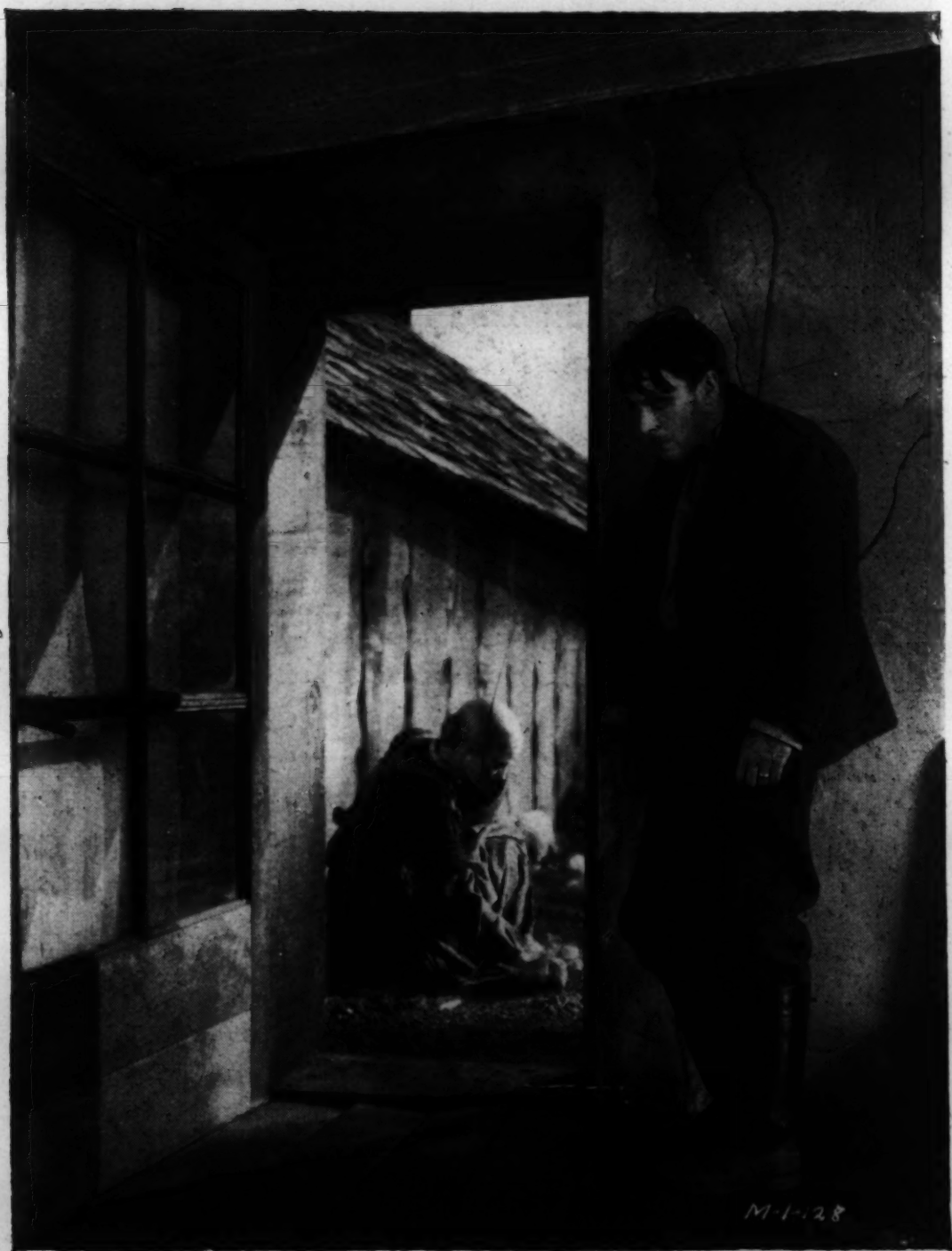
"Certainly in Europe (I quote) there are, shall we say, thirty million cinema-goers. Is it not feasible to take out of this thirty million only ten per cent ? Three million, then are, of our opinion and our outlook in respect of good films. These three millions are to-day without voice or shelter in the midst of the manufacturers and the remaining twenty seven million. They do not find good films, because, whether born here or there, no star leads them to the good films, and they resign themselves, bury their love and their desire, and say at last, films cannot be any good. Films are merchandise and will never be the artistic expression of the world. Would it not be a life work for Close Up to give those who want good

CLOSE UP

films the directors who are willing and able to make them, and the theatres which are willing to show them? Supposing a European company were founded for the creation and production of good films. Somehow the three millions must be reached. Let Close Up help in this, and let the three millions join the membership of this band of fighters and be stockholders of the company. You pay ten marks per year which gives you the right to see ten films in the year. The Stock Company has now thirty million marks (one and a half million pounds). They fill the excellent cinemas which are specially built. All this costs twenty million marks in organisation, losses, salaries, outlay, etc. Does it not leave over every year ten million marks? Well then, every year, ten films by ten directors are made at a cost of one million marks, which is quite a lot, and enough to show the world what film art really is when freed from commercial limitations. These films will be made without concession, without compromise. Must these three millions therefore not be found; though it takes years of pain and battle is there not here a life task for Close Up?"

Certainly and obviously here is the nucleus of a scheme, the obvious and immediate difficulty being the collecting of the "three million". But Pabst is certainly arriving somewhere with this idea, and it is something along these lines, and only something like this which will make conditions possible for the artist producer.

How can the scheme be elaborated? Each person, paying ten marks, or ten shillings per year, as stated, becomes a



Janet Gaynor being good-natured and George O' Brien undergoing a thought-process in *Sunrise* (photographed by Charles Roscher).



"When you see *Sunrise*, you will see what can be done with new, untried material, when controlled by the hands of an artist." (*vide* publicity announcement).



The rescue of the Wife in *Sunrise*, the Fox film directed by F. W. Murnau. Arc-lamp reflections lend interest to the scene.



Brigitte Helm in *Alraune* (Mandrake) the new Ama-Film production, directed by Henrik Galeen, from the sensational book of that name by Hanns Heinz Ewers. *Alraune* deals with the life of a young girl, played by Brigitte Helm, whose birth is the result of a scientific experiment in artificial impregnation. See the notice elsewhere.



A grim moment in the film. A fantastic, rather than realistic setting, which conveys the impression of malignity intended in respect of the root mandrake. There is a distinguished cast, including Paul Wegener, Ivan Petrovich, and Valeska Gert. Photographed by Franz Planer.

Photos: Ama-Film G.m.b.H.



Schinderhannes, the new Prometheus super-film, directed by Kurt Bernhardt. A notice appears elsewhere. What a charming picture this makes, with its deftness of light and grouping. From left to right, Hans Stüwe as Schinderhannes, Lissi Arna and Fritz Richard.



A study in cruelty ! Vigorous, intensely alive and full of movement. This might almost be Breughel ! *Schinderhannes* has a magnificent cast, including Fritz Rasp, Frieda Richard, Albert Steinrück and Kowal-Samborski. Further photographs will appear in our next issue.



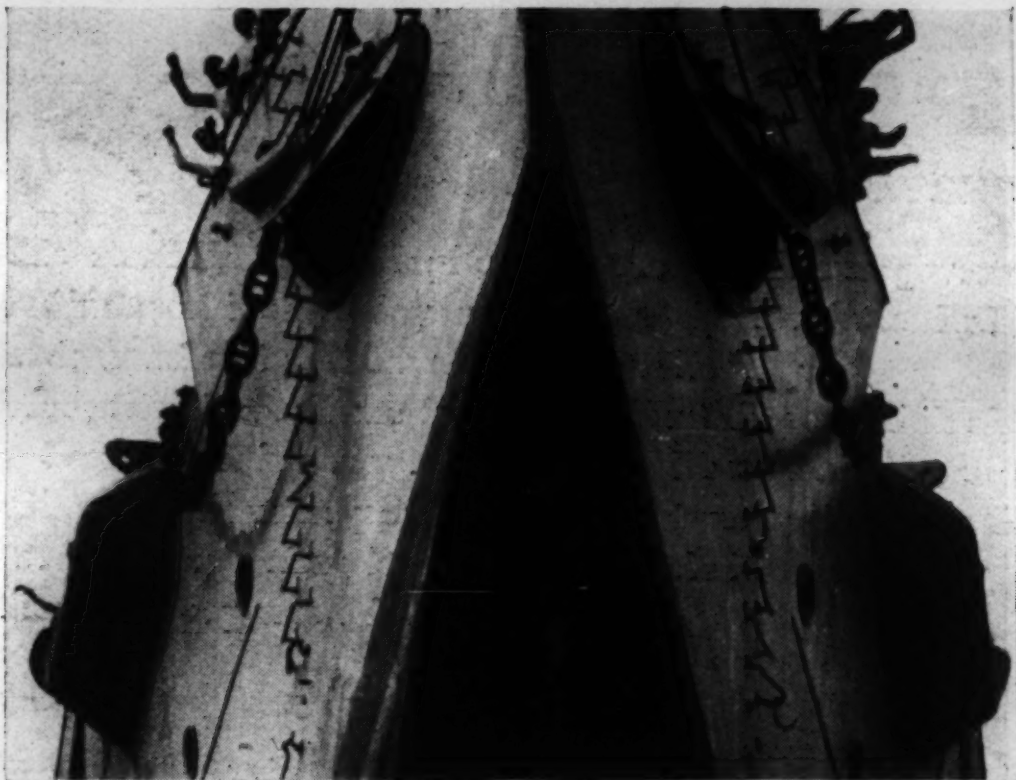
Potemkin, a series of further stills, reproduced by request of our readers. Seamen of the cruiser Potemkin ; a striking study in types, which in this film were so brilliantly selected.



More types, the top picture being one of the sailors condemned to be shot, the lower, one of the shooting party.



Incidents from the revolution. The end of the captain of the Potemkin, and below, one of the victims of the revolt.



A stately and dramatic camera angle, in which this film abounds. The ship symbolically thrusting itself upon the spectator ; an effect to emphasise the strength and indomitable purpose of the rebels.



A curious effect of light and shade. Effects such as this used as emphasis or symbolism occur constantly. The screen-craft of *Potemkin* alone makes it one of the most amazing films ever taken. The director was S. M. Eisenstein.

CLOSE UP

member of the "Joint Stock Company". How are you going to get your members? Only by extensive advertisement in every European country. Let the link be extended, and a twin company founded in America suggests itself at this point. But to resume on the question of securing membership. The first thing is to start a fund wherewith to advertise. Interested members of the public send their donations. Advertising is begun when the fund is large enough to permit extensive measures in every country. For this some thousands of pounds are necessary. Advertising is continued. Applications for membership begin to come in. Pre-advertisement launches the project. Afterwards details are entered into. Particulars of membership and the privileges and scope of membership clearly explained. As outline, the suggestion is that the directors shall be chosen by ballot, and the same with cameramen, scenarists, artists, etc. The performances of the company will not be open to the general public, but strictly for stockholders and, by special application, their friends. By this means censorship can be avoided. Seats will be paid for at each performance and at varying prices. Where it is impossible to have special theatres (for many members will live in scattered districts) it will be possible to rent them for one performance or two performances. The special theatres would run the films for a season each. Much advertising is done, and the membership increases. In the course of a few years it has mounted to double. Thus the income of the company is double. Out of this more films are produced and more theatres built. By this means a rival power

CLOSE UP

builds steadily up, and presently the conditions governing the film world of to-day are completely revolutionised by new demand and a different scale of values.

Well, there's a scheme for you ! What do *you* think about it. Certainly it is a rosy, rosy vision. Beset with difficulties, needing superhuman power almost, yet not altogether Utopian, for *organisation* plus *support* could do it. Perhaps organisation plus support *will* do it ?

KENNETH MACPHERSON.

" MURDER IN THE DARK ROOM "

"You must see.at the Regal."

"I should love to, but I think I will wait till it comes to our cinema. It's just round the corner you know, and so convenient !"

"But what about the print ?"

Of course the local cinema is not so comfortable as the West End palace ; of course it is humiliating to see the films long after everyone else ; and the music. . . .well that is generally bad in any case.

Oh ! all those advantages they weigh in the balance against

CLOSE UP

cheapness and lazy proximity ; they realize that they are sacrificing something, but what is this talk about the print ?

They will admit that the photography and lighting are tremendous factors in the composition of a film, that the cinema is primarily a visual art, and yet they are content to see pictures under conditions that will never be anything but an insult to the eyes.

All that the camera man has put into his negative will rarely be seen at the cinema round the corner. All the atmosphere that has been so carefully created by the lighting lost. All hypnotic illusion gone because of the dull aching pain behind the eyes. Why I know of people who, living in the country, have never really seen a film, although they go to the cinema once a week.

All this because of the print ? Well, nearly.

First of all there is the trade show. That is important. The exhibitors come and if they like the film they book it, therefore the shop window must be dressed. It is not an easy thing to print a film nowadays, when moving camera shots are in vogue with producers who like to be thought "modern". (Question. When was the first moving shot taken ?). The light densities on the faces are continually changing and developing and printing are work for the expert of experts. Naturally a good print cannot be obtained without a good negative, but a good negative will never yield a good copy without expert help. So the studio retain the services of a special gentleman who prints the "trade-show" copy of the films. Yes, they speak quite openly of the "trade-

show" copy. What manner of robbery is this, for the public are being cheated of fifty per cent of the art in the film ? The exhibitors are not buying what they have been shown—that was the "trade show" copy !

Then comes the first run in London. Once again important. How long do you think a big London house uses a copy of a film ? About a week, and then it is changed. What happens to the copies no longer good enough for London, are they thrown away or foisted on the provinces ?

Finally the film reaches the general public. What matter now ? The money has been paid. The "trade show" copy was printed by hand, apart from various sequences printed on coloured base which are done in the "works". (Blue base, for instance, is considered by most experts to be too dense for hand printing.) The general release copies are printed mechanically ; turned out like any standardized commercial product which indeed they are.

"Time is money" ; admonish the cinema magnates.

Film should be dried at a temperature of about seventy degrees, otherwise the particles do not have a chance to reform and the film suffers from "grain" (You know that rain effect ?) Grain ? Heat the drying rooms twice as strongly, and revolve the drums twice as fast and we will make twice as much money !

Imagine just for a minute that you and I were drying film. We would put the film on the drums, revolve them rapidly to shake off all the water, turn off the heat and leave the film to dry itself over night. There would be no grain, but a

CLOSE UP

smooth even surface. Speaking of grain many find that panchromatic stock is more grainy than ordinary stock, but on a large screen this should not show provided that the negative and printing have been carried out (dare I say it ?) carefully.

I have seen a film at the principal cinema of a busy Port where the print was so bad that the picture seemed to be continually going out of focus in the middle of a scene, while some of the titles became so blurred that I felt dizzy. To add to my misery the projectionist never centred his carbons throughout the picture, and the left hand side of the screen had a distinct discolouration. The contact in the printing machine would have been a scandal even if the film had been released by the smallest house in Wardour Street; as it was the film was rented by a reputable firm. In one scene white houses in the background appeared to become black. What chance did the film stand ?

Again the "release copy" is not printed on the same grade of stock as the "trade show copy". Stress marks, static, sparkles a snow storm is all the public get, and it may be worse by the end of the week after it has been handled by the local projectionist.

If I had chosen "projection" instead of "print" as a reason why you should see films at the Regal I might have told you of converted theatres where the "throw"—the distance from the source of light to the screen—is too long for the power ; or of places where the film is projected from behind the screen and you can see the grain of the material, and probably an arc light to catch your eye ; of houses where the film is run

CLOSE UP

through too fast so that the exhibitor can benefit by another showing.

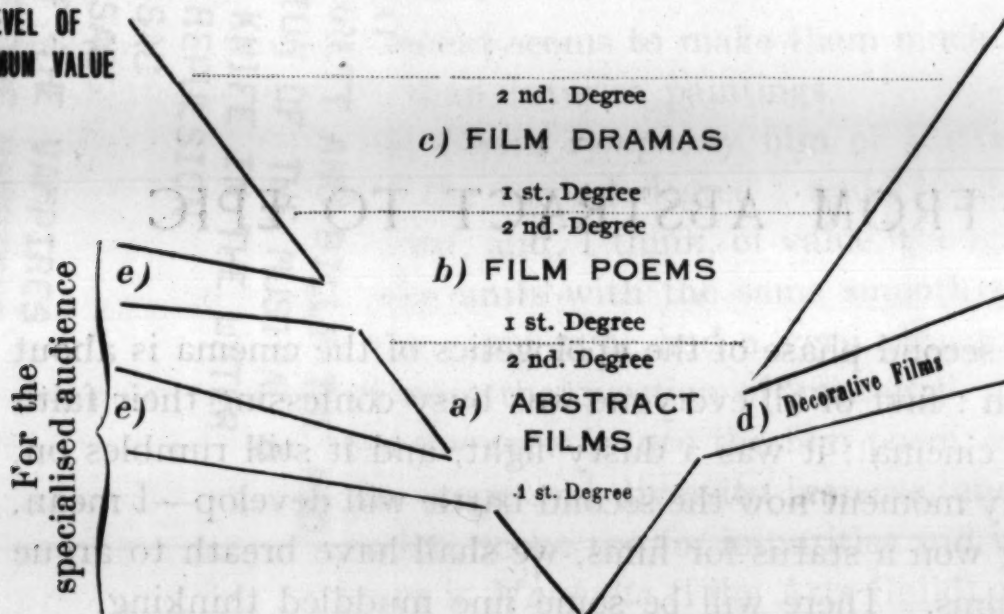
After the print has been two weeks in the provinces it is in a sorry condition. London operators are up to all sorts of little tricks for preserving their film, but which local operator takes the trouble to wax the perforations of his film ?

Years ago the producers of "The Hound of the Baskervilles." wanted some shots of a mastiff, radiating a ghostly phosphorescence, running over the sand dunes at night. They tried to paint the animal with luminous paint but the light it gave off was not sufficient to obtain a picture on the screen. Complicated expedients failed, everyone was in despair. Finally a certain gentleman persuaded the cameraman to take the dog by twilight, just sufficient light to give an exposure ; and then scratched round the dog, on the negative, with a pen-knife.

I am undecided whether the gentleman was a genius or a patron of a local cinema.

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

LEVEL OF
MAXIMUM VALUE



EXAMPLES.

- a) 1 st. Degree. *Rhythmus. Symphonie Diagonale.*
2 nd. » *Emak Bakia.*
- b) 1 st. Degree. *Kriemhild's Dream of Hawks.*
2 nd. » *Knight's Rachmaninov film.*
Bruguiere's The Way.
- c) 1 st. Degree. *Warning Shadows.*
2 nd. » *Greed. Jeanne Ney.*

LEVEL OF MAXIMUM VALUE

OTHER BRANCHES.

- d) 1 st. Degree. *Prince Achmed.*
2 nd. » *Nibelungs.*
- e) Other sports and side issues.

FROM ABSTRACT TO EPIC

The second phase of the apologetics of the cinema is about to open : first of all everyone was busy confessing their faith in the cinema : it was a dusty fight, and it still rumbles on, but any moment now the second battle will develop—I mean, having won a status for films, we shall have breath to argue *what* films. There will be some fine muddled thinking.

Meanwhile let us do some sorting, let us attempt a basis for criticism. I don't know that the material has ever before been tackled and classified, except in a most general fashion : it is all quite easy, and even obvious, but it may just as well be written down in black and white.

Personally I find it convenient to imagine this triangular shaped scale : call it a pair of shears, fine enough to cut wire near the handles, and wide enough to cut cheese further down the blade. At the apex are what I call abstract films of the first degree—geometric films which are built up of 'pure' forms : for example, Eggeling's *Symphonie Diagonale*, and Richter's *Rhythmus*. These may be very beautiful and exciting, and if at the moment without colour (and I suggest that it is in this direction that colour might first be applied with complete success) they amply make up for the limitation by

CLOSE UP

movement : and movement seems to make them much fuller and more interesting than futurist paintings.

Emak Bakia, or the *Berlin symphony* film of Ruttman I call abstract films of the second degree : real objects add tinge of 'literary' interest, and, I think, of value, though it is less easy to control the units with the same smooth perfection, and certainly the purer type had a very pleasing austerity, which doesn't raise the question of 'meaning'.

The next step from the apex is into the film poem, and, as the angle widens, the scope and diversity increase, and with the scope for extra value, scope too for impurities and vulgarisms. In this category is *Manhatta* (Film Arts Guild) a topographical film on an improved pattern, with 'New York' as subject. The method of this, applied emotionally, would result in a film poem. We have not yet reached the old favourite *Warning Shadows*, that is a film drama, and I can only quote, for this division, a meagre stock of examples.

Mr. Castleton Knight's film based on Rachmaninov's Prelude in C sharp minor is a true film poem, though not a very beautiful one. Parts of the *Student of Prague* could almost have been shown separately (like the Hawk-dream from *The Nibelungs*) but I don't think that such passages can be called film poems, though they have a high poetic charge, for, after all, a poem must be an entity in itself.

The film poem corresponds to the lyric, or, say, the landscape, and a good film poem is more valuable than a good abstract film because it contains a greater complexity in as great a harmony. Hardly any attempt has been made to

exploit this category, though some films poems would have a commercial market. Character studies, landscapes, atmospheric effects, emotional moods little decorative ballads—in fact all the sorts of feelings which could inspire lyric poetry lend themselves to treatment.

After the film poem the angle widens into film drama. *Warning Shadows* is nearer to the poems than, say, *Hindle Wakes*, just as a short story by Katherine Mansfield is nearer akin to a lyric than to *War and Peace*. The film drama of the middle class obviously corresponds to the normal novel, the three act play, a Giorgione or a Tintoretto composition, in which the elements of design and 'literary' emotion are exactly balanced to produce a maximum density of value.

Somewhere about here I place the high water mark of value : before this level nothing is of sufficient magnitude, beyond everything is too diffuse. Logically we can proceed, after *Greed*, or *Joyless Street*, to a film of epic size, and I see that some explanation will be needed for this choice of a high water mark ; certainly Matthew Arnold would not have stopped here.

The level is not placed here only because the film, with its pictorial element, cannot travel so far from the abstract apex of the triangle as literature can grow beyond absolute poetry, though this may be so : it is placed here because I believe that with our present 'world picture' it is impossible to advance the line further : when an attempt is made the result may be grandiose, but is not convincing. It seems probable that in all the arts there must be contraction : novels draw in

CLOSE UP

their horns, and *large* pictorial compositions are seldom, now, quite 'serious'. The eighteenth century was only able to achieve perfection in a poem of the scale of *The Rape of the Lock* : we can absorb a great deal more of the universe, but there is a limit beyond which our digestion would be strained. "Super productions", with an exception to be made presently, must fail, however great the artist, because of the art, because of the age. We are not in a social state that favours a full length epic : there can, however, be epic suggestion in a limited work : Mottram's *Spanish Farm*, or something like *The Passage to India* are the vice-epics of the age : *Roses of Picardy* notoriously lost Mottram's subtle feeling for the times, but there is no reason why a film drama, which is by no means a 'super production' shouldn't be lightly charged with epic suggestiveness. Naturally I am not saying that 'super productions' are bad because they last for three hours and because a lot of money is spent on them, they are only bad because they are so self-consciously magnificent, and nowadays, as a rule, the fine artist can say what he has to say in a fairly compact space.

To repeat : the high water mark of value lies somewhere in the category represented by *Warning Shadows*, or *New Year's Eve*, or *Greed* ; this, for the present, is the saturation point : beyond is deserts.

Now for the exception : super productions are only likely to be valuable when they are purely decorative. Decoration in any of the arts is not a 'growing point' of the age, it has nothing to do with the emotional and intellectual battles

CLOSE UP

being waged elsewhere. In my imaginary triangular figure, after the *Emak Bakia* class, a branch sticks out from the main stream and leads to meadows of delight : here are films such as *The Nibelungs*, excellent decoration, but on a different scale of value altogether.

I know that some writers on aesthetics would object to my placing of a good film drama above a good film poem, but I must insist on this point. I don't mean that critics should make that weary old fault of critics, and grouse that a film poem is not a film drama when it is not meant to be, but the critic who is not concerned with particular examples can, and should, make it clear that a film drama is potentially more valuable than a film poem, for a work of art is not an addition sum, but an organic creature, and, other things being equal, the more elements it reconciles into a harmony, the more valuable it is. This is in the tradition of Aristotle and Coleridge and Matthew Arnold, and, it seems to me, appeals to the instincts of human nature. Or, anyhow, it appeals to my instincts.

There are other side issues to consider. For instance, what is the relation of comedy to this rule of thumb scale ? Well, clearly some comedy has epic suggestion, and I should place *The Pilgrim* high up among the film dramas : but also a comedy may be mostly decorative, and not come into the main scale at all.

To clothe the bones of this skeleton is the duty of the critic, I have made a diagram of it because I like to think in this way : I believe it is flexible enough to accomodate any new

CLOSE UP

material, but if it does burst, my argument still remains watertight : my hope is that it will prove a key-plank to quite a considerable raft.

ROGER BURFORD.

WHAT CAN I DO

What a pity it is that the type of letter most often repeated is the following :

"Being alone here I should like to go often to the movies but they show such dreadful rubbish that it is only once in a while I make up my mind to go. How interesting *Jeanne Ney* sounds from your description but I suppose it will never be shown down here."

A lot of the letter is true. What one regrets is the attitude behind it. Because it is precisely the sort of people who write such letters *who could do so much for the cinema.*

But they say, what can we do ? How can we, a group of three or four at most, help cinematography in a tiny country town ?

Well, first they can keep in touch with the progress of the cinema over the world. CLOSE UP will do this for a shilling

CLOSE UP

a month. Then they can go regularly to the cinema even if the films are bad. For one thing there is quite a lot to be learned even from a bad film : how not to light a set, exactly what not to do. But the chief reason for going regularly is that the owners of most local cinemas are willing enough to discuss their programmes with *regular* patrons.

If a copy of a good film is known to be in England, ask for it to be shown. And as there is more chance of its being rented if thirty people ask, interest your friends. Talk to people about the cinema. In the bookstore, the station, the post office, the bank, the grocer's shop, there will be film fans ; people who have grown up with the cinema and are ready for more than they are given only do not know what to ask for, by themselves. A little propaganda of the right kind, a few good films and there will be a demand (as there is now in Germany) for the better, psychological type of picture.

Of course all this means trouble but it means interest as well. I saw last summer in London so that they must be showing somewhere in England, *White Gold*, *Out of the Mist*, (a very beautiful film of the German mountains) *Saucy Suzanne*, (some amusing scenes with Ellen Richter) and *Secrets of the Soul* (mutilated beyond recognition and yet here and there with flashes of wonderful photography that all the cutting had not quite destroyed.) If enough people in any town ask for them, these films can be seen. And by way of arousing more general interest why not form a cinema library with books such as *The Motion Picture Cameraman* by Lutz, or *The Anatomy of Motion Picture Art* by Elliott to explain the

CLOSE UP

way films are made ; Robert Herring's *Films of the Year* to remind them of what has been accomplished, and volumes such as *Grass* to tell more fully the story of expeditions that have brought back moving pictures of little known races and customs. There are some excellent cheap French books on different branches of cinematographic art and American magazines such as *Asia* or the *National Geographic*, often have articles on the taking of such pictures as *Moana* or *Chang*. Then a weekly trade paper is helpful for it would make the group realise among other things the average attitude of the buyer of pictures in the cinematographic world. It need not be an expensive matter, a library ; all that is required is a few enthusiasts, a bookshelf, and two or three pounds for books and magazine subscriptions, collected in small sums.

From the library and discussion of films the next step would be to organize a monthly showing of interesting but non-commercial films. It is said that it costs about ten shillings a head in Paris for a group of thirty to hire for a single showing almost any Russian, German or French film, not of purely commercial appeal. I have not been able yet to find out the English cost. But there are fifty or more good foreign films in Wardour Street that will probably never be shown generally. There should not be any insuperable difficulty connected with the hiring of them for a single showing. Possibly the groups from several neighbouring towns could unite for this purpose once a month. The important thing would be to keep the costs as low as possible for the enthusiast is likely to be some-

CLOSE UP

one, schoolteacher, writer, or adolescent with much interest but little money.

There are now several inexpensive projectors on the market, mainly intended for school use. They usually need a slight knowledge of mechanics if they are to be worked successfully. And it is said that copies of old films can be bought quite cheaply. These would have a certain interest but would be too scratched probably, for serious showing and there are regulations to be observed with regard to the storing of films of an inflammable nature. (Most of the new films are printed on non-inflammable stock.) In time no doubt some substance will be discovered that will enable people to buy prints of their favorite films at a reasonable cost, as now books are bought.

Interest, enthusiasm, vitality ; these rather than money are the chief factors. Suppose you take a hundred people who all say "we would go to the cinema if there were better films" and reply "there *are* better films and they can be shown to you. Which ones do you want to see?" How many of the hundred would be able to give a single name in answer?

There are films now made. Psychological films. Films of great beauty. Copies of them are in England. They will be shown if people ask for them. When enough people hold together against the mutilation of films and the re-titling of them, these abuses will stop. Only it is really time that people stopped saying "I would go to the movies if. . . ."

CLOSE UP

because the matter, perhaps the very future of cinematography, is in their own hands.

BRYHER.

(I shall be glad to send lists of books or magazines dealing with the cinema to anyone who sends me a stamped (English) addressed envelope with the request.)

LES TRUQUAGES

(continuation from February issue)

Un truquage dont l'essence se rapporte aussi aux caches est celui de « L'étudiant de Prague » par Henrik Galeen, où l'homme qui a vendu son image au diable passe à un certain moment devant un miroir au bras d'une dame. Nous voyons simultanément les personnages et l'image de la dame dans le miroir : celle de l'homme n'y est évidemment pas. Au lieu d'un miroir il y avait un trou dans le décor et par derrière un velours noir tendu. On prend les personnages passant devant le miroir, on remonte la pellicule sans bouger l'appareil de place, on plonge le décor dans l'obscurité et on fait passer la dame seule, éclairée et habillée symétriquement à ce qu'elle était tout à

CLOSE UP

l'heure, derrière le « miroir », c'est-à-dire devant le velours noir.

Le passage de la mer rouge dans « Les dix commandements » est fait exactement de la même manière, quoique fort mal réussi. Deux réservoirs dont les parois planes étaient vaguement peintes en « murailles d'eau » furent établis l'un en face de l'autre en bordure d'un bassin dont le fond plat fut tapissé de velours noir, jouant le rôle de cache, puisque n'impressionnant pas la pellicule. On filma cette sorte de rue noire entre deux murailles, formée par les réservoirs, mais en tournant *à l'envers*, cependant que l'on faisait déborder impétueusement les réservoirs. Enfin on enregistra sur la partie de la même pellicule qui précédait la cataracte (c'est-à-dire en réalité la « suivait », lorsqu'on considère le sens normal de passage de la pellicule) de très loin et de haut en bas le défilé des fuyards qui vint prendre sur le négatif la place du tapis noir. Et comme résultat final on eut donc la mer s'entr'ouvrant impétueusement et se figeant en deux murailles d'eau au milieu desquelles la foule des fuyards minuscules passait à pied sec.

Je crois que voilà assez d'exemples de caches ou analogues. Passons maintenant aux coprojections.

Soit par exemple la scène de *Métropolis* où le Maître, au début des troubles ouvriers, téléphone au contremaître et le voit en même temps sur le verre dépoli d'un téléviseur installé au-dessous du téléphone. On prit un gros plan du contremaître parlant et on en projeta tout bonnement un positif par derrière sur le verre dépoli représentant le téléviseur dans

CLOSE UP

le décor. Une difficulté de réalisation saute aux yeux : il faut sûrement que l'intensité lumineuse de l'image projetée sur le téléviseur soit extraordinairement forte. On n'a qu'à songer à l'intensité lumineuse d'une surface quelconque du décor telle que l'exige la prise de vues en studio. Mais quelque chose est beaucoup plus délicat encore : il faut que l'ouverture et la fermeture de l'obturateur rotatif de l'appareil de projection soient absolument *synchrones* avec l'ouverture et la fermeture de l'obturateur rotatif de l'appareil de prise de vues, ou du moins que la période d'ouverture de ce dernier n'empiète jamais sur la période de fermeture du premier, faute de quoi durant l'exposition d'une des petites images du film le téléviseur du décor serait obscur [ou éclairé durant une fraction seulement du temps de pose ($1/40^e$ de seconde environ)]. Ce synchronisme de mouvement entre les manivelles de l'appareil de projection et de prise de vues est obtenu soit par des commandes flexibles, soit par un système de transmissions rigides épousant les contours du décor à l'aide d'engrenages coniques, mais c'est en tout cas le point délicat de ce genre de truquages.

Un autre exemple du même procédé se trouve dans *Le violoniste de Florence* où la scène en wagon de chemin de fer est prise en studio cependant qu'une bande représentant le paysage réel pris d'un train en marche est projetée sur le verre dépoli ou l'écran remplaçant l'ouverture de la portière. Là encore toute la difficulté réside dans le synchronisme entre l'appareil de projection et celui de prise de vues.

Vous connaissez ces films américains où le héros se promène

en plan de pied au bord d'un toit ou sur une poutre surplombant de cinquante étages la rue grouillante d'autos et de passants ? Cessez de trembler pour la vie de l'acteur. La poutre ou le bord du toit est construit à un mètre du plancher du studio et en arrière plan se trouve l'écran où l'on projette synchroniquement une bande représentant une rue réelle prise d'un vrai gratte-ciel.

L'application la plus amusante du procédé est certainement fournie par la série des dessins animés qui nous montrent les aventures de Coco, ce petit clown sortant de l'encrier du dessinateur, son père, évoluant, figurine sans ombre et sans perspective, dans un décor réel, bureau ou genoux du dessinateur ou même dans la rue, puis donnant libre cours à sa gaîté débordante dans des scènes uniquement de dessins animés. — Qui ne sait comment est installé un établi de dessins animés ? Une table quelconque, au-dessus, à un mètre environ, un appareil immuable et vertical et des lampes à mercure également immuables. Une pédale placée sous la table fait faire à chaque pression du pied un tour à la manivelle de l'appareil de prise de vues réglé de façon que cela ne fasse avancer le film que d'une seule image. Et le dessinateur dessine, coupe et modifie ses figurines en papier et ses dessins en prenant de chaque mouvement élémentaire une (ou pratiquement trois) images. — L'établi natal de Coco est le même, mais la surface de la table est un écran ou un verre dépoli sur lequel on projette d'en dessous, image par image et synchroniquement à la prise de vue des bouts de films (positifs) représentant les décors et acteurs réels. Et c'est sur ce fond dyna-

CLOSE UP

mique et réel que se meut et se modifie la petite figurine de papier.

Ces quelques exemples suffiront, croyons-nous, pour sortir d'embarras nos lecteurs devant des truquages courants.

S. SILKA.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE PHILISTINES

Hollywood is dedicated to the intensely serious business of supplying the world with amusement. The five continents, together with the islands of the seven seas, are greedy for its product. Its market is unlimited. And herein lie its limitations.

A business whose prime purpose is to please everybody everywhere, and lure the dollars, the shillings, the francs, the pesos, the yen from the pockets of the cosmopolitan multitude, is necessarily hedged about with multitudinous restrictions. Indeed, no more difficult business can be imagined. Yet Hollywood has made a bouncing success of it.

If for the most part Hollywood's photoplays are trite and superficial, if they are uninspiring and meretricious, it is simply because that is what they have to be. There are so many

worthier things they must not be if they are to fulfill the obligations to the crowd and collect the shekels.

They must not stimulate controversy ; they must not question established superstition or convention ; they must not appeal to the intellect ; they must not concern themselves with idealism, philosophy, culture, esthetics ; they must not advocate nor enlighten ; they must not be original, protestant, high-brow, *recherché*, sophisticated. In short, they must not be anything nor do anything beyond the limits of the Jack-and-Jill level of human taste and intelligence.

This is something Hollywood has learned--and she has made a monumental fortune out of it. She dominates the world because in turn she allows herself to be dominated by the world's parochial partialities and exactions. Fair Hollywood, with all her fortune, fame, and fancy, is bond-servant to Philistia.

It has become a diverting sport on the part of the higher critics to use Hollywood as a target for ridicule. In fact, there are those who even lose their tempers over her *gaucheries* and banalities. And in a way this is all very well. It serves helpfully on the one hand as an emotional catharsis, and on the other it increases Hollywood's self-satisfaction. She is always eager for attention of any kind.

At the same time, however, she knows her business. No criticism or advice makes any impression upon her except such as comes thru the box-office. The box-office is the mouthpiece, the loud-speaker, of the multitude ; and it is the satisfying and the placating of the multitude that

CLOSE UP

keeps Hollywood enthroned as queen of the cinema world.

And if she boasts somewhat noisily of her exalted station, it is not to be held too strictly against her. The tribute she pays to the Philistines, in order to maintain her place, involves enormous labor and tribulation, as well as enormous sums of money. Her most intolerant critics would be stirred to amazement, if not actual sympathy, could they realize the exactions that are imposed upon her.

Hollywood is not all spangle and frivolity. Some very serious burdens are hers. And the Philistine Mrs. Grundy is responsible for a large share of them.

To the puritan all things are impure—especially Hollywood. And the world's busy-body puritans, determined to keep this California hussy in her place, have already secured movie censorship laws in several of the American States and scores of cities, as well as in nearly all foreign countries, and are ever zealously working toward the day of universal censorship.

What such a consummation would mean may be imagined by noting some of the specific prohibitions that the already-enacted censor laws impose upon the cinema—the exhibiting of feminine underwear, whether on or off ; the showing of baby clothes as evidence of expectant motherhood ; the waving of the United States flag (in Canada) ; the display of fire-arms, either quiescent or in action ; scenes of drinking, of card playing, of labor strikes, of gentlemen duelling, of ladies smoking, and scenes of dancing if the picture is shown on Sunday ; stories dealing with divorce, with companionate marriage,

with insanity ; stories based on social, racial, political, or industrial problems ; the use of the term "America" to indicate the United States ; the characterizing of a villain or a simpleton as a Mexican, an Englishman, a German, a Japanese (according to the country in which the film is shown) ; anything favoring pacifism, internationalism, universal brotherhood, or other like social ideals fostered by Isaiah and Christ ; the showing of snakes, humpbacks, cripples, freaks, anything that might have a shocking effect on pregnant women—and so in and so forth for a page or two more.

And these are merely some of the specific interdictions at present prescribed by statute—interdictions based on provincial ignorance, national sensitiveness, sectional bias, religious intolerance, and constituting just so many prickles in the thorny hedge of official censorship that has sprung up to harass and circumscribe the makers of moving pictures.

Besides these, every hamlet, province, and commonwealth already has its general laws against immorality, indecency, sacrilege, sexuality, and the like ; all of them sufficiently stretchable to fit any prejudice or psychological complex, and all of which can be and are applied to motion pictures on the most unexpected and astonishing interpretations.

There is never a film produced, from Sennett slap-stick comedy to Sudermann tragedy, that does not somewhere encounter a censor's scissors, if merely to abbreviate a kiss or annihilate a naked infant. And many a film, despite every effort to forestall possible objections, falls under the com-

CLOSE UP

plete ban of certain communities whose moral, religious or racial sensibilities are peculiarly touchy.

Last year in New York alone the official censorship board cut out thirteen hundred scenes and titles from various pictures shown in that state. This is a big lot of film to go into the discard on the say-so of a few high-minded men and women acting on behalf of a commonwealth of ten million average minds. Perhaps they were wholly justified in their deletions. Who shall say? At any rate, their action represented a cost to the Hollywood producers of over a million dollars—and maybe there is some satisfaction to be got out of that.

The mental processes of movie censors are the bane and distraction of the movie makers. In *White Gold* Ohio took exception to the scene of a man pouring a basin of water into another man's trousers, and the scene was accordingly removed—whether on the ground of cruelty, vulgarity or undue levity I don't know. Pennsylvania saw nothing amiss in this bit of rustic comedy, but it did feel called upon to eliminate the entire sequence of scenes in which the villain debates with himself whether to go to the girl's room. Maryland let that incident pass, but refused to exhibit the scene of the girl being kissed on her shoulder. Massachusetts, feeling that something ought to be done to the picture somewhere, satisfied itself by trimming the bedroom scene to a mere flash.

In Manitoba, Canada, *White Gold* passed unchallenged while such titles as these were eliminated from *Fighting Love*—"Niccolini has refused us reinforcements", "Don't be alarm-

CLOSE UP

ed, father" ; and an insert of a military telegram reporting a siege was likewise snipped from the film, as was also a close up of a revolver.

Although Ohio could not submit to the demoralizing effect of an unexpurgated *White Gold*, it accepted without protest *The Little Adventuress*, which Illinois found necessary to cut or change in five different places, and which Pennsylvania also snipped here and there in the name of decency.

Vanity got by unscathed in most of the States of the Union, but across the border—in Ontario—it had rather a serious encounter with the official shears, resulting in a dozen eliminations and abbreviations. The scenes affected included a view of the United States shield, and a woman displaying the United States flag. Also the scene of a girl loading a revolver ; of a man emptying a revolver of cartridges, and of a girl taking a drink from a bottle.

Australia last year rejected in toto eighty-seven Hollywood films and felt called upon to prune and revise three hundred and sixty-nine others, to bring them into conformity with Colonial standards of righteousness and good breeding.

In one American state a censor board was influenced by a lawyer member to interdict all scenes and titles reflecting upon the legal profession. In another, bathing beauties were regarded as agents of the devil and were given no show at all. In still another, the lone woman censor consented to allow *Motherhood* to be exhibited, provided the men and women sat in different parts of the theatre while viewing it. *The King of Kings* was shown twice daily to crowded houses

CLOSE UP

for six consecutive months in godless Hollywood, while St. Paul solemnly shied at seeing it at all. Chicago for the past ten years has kept its censors busy rejecting all scenes of murder, holdups, bootlegging, burglary, and like criminal pleasantries—perhaps not so much because the city objects to them on moral grounds, as because it has more than enough of them in actual daily life to satisfy public interest.

At all events, these random examples of the vagaries of censorship afford a faint conception of some of the difficulties under which Hollywood labors. And they make plain, too, why the movie producers are obliged to maintain an expensive organization, with the politically astute and influential Will Hays at its head, to fight the spread of this sort of thing.

If allowed to increase and to fulfill its composite aims, censorship would reduce the photoplay to a state of anemia beside which a Sunday-school tract would be dashing virile and daring. A dainty kiss on the forehead would be the limit of sex suggestiveness, while the height of physical violence would be a smart rap on the wrist.

So, on the one hand, Hollywood has this Pharisaic element to contend with—the element that knows all too assuredly and abundantly what it does not want,—and on the other hand that much larger, multitudinous element—the common run of Philistine,—which knows what it does want, and which it insists upon having if the producers are to win and hold its profitable patronage.

The meeting of these wants is only next in difficulty to satisfying the demands of the cinema prohibitionists ; for, as

CLOSE UP

already pointed out, these wants lie within very definitely circumscribed limits ; and pictures that ignore them might as well never be made if there is to be any return of the money invested.

Every financially successful photoplay, therefore, bears witness to the fact that it has met the approval of the multitude. And the majority of photoplays are thus successful. Consequently they are what the masses want. They represent the taste of the proletariat. Wherefore, to criticize them or deplore them, is merely to take issue with the tastes of the common people—and that is both futile and unphilosophical. *Degustibus non est disputandum.*

Undoubtedly there is a demand for better and worthier pictures. Tens of thousands of intelligent, cultured people are asking for them. But these tens of thousands do not interest Hollywood. Ninety millions of the ordinary variety of humans flock to the movie theatres during each week of the year, in the United States alone. And it is these tens of millions upon whom Hollywood depends for its bread and cheese, and its glittering fame and portly bank balances.

It is not that Hollywood is without available brains and skill to produce superior pictures—pictures appealable to the intelligentsia. No one small spot in the world has gathered to itself so comprehensive an array of artistic talent. And Hollywood has had its fling with the exquisite and the beautiful, the subtle and impressionistic in the making of moving pictures, but with only a hole in its pocketbook to show for it. *Salome*, for example, with Nazimova, was truly a rare

CLOSE UP

picture; but the art lovers of the world were neither numerous enough nor prosperous enough to return the half million dollars that it cost.

With each such unsuccessful venture into the field of pure art, Hollywood has grown more cautious, more devoted to the practical art of showmanship, and has tightened its restraining grip on the aspiring David of originality that would hurl defiance at the Philistines.

Nevertheless certain directors are exhibiting a deft skill in combining the art of showmanship with a very definite degree of genuine cinema art, and are thus attaining results which promise well for the development of photodramaturgy.

Marnau has done this in his first Hollywood picture, *Sunrise*. There is in it much beyond the appreciation of the crowd, but at the same time it contains elements of strictly popular appeal. Whether these elements are sufficiently strong to overcome the dubious effect on the general public of the picture's camera nuances and psychologic subtelties, remains to be discovered. However, Fox, the producer of it, has put a cool million into it—and Fox is a wise showman.

William K. Howard in his *White Gold* accomplished the same happy combination of appeal to diverse elements of mentality. Indeed, all of his recent pictures have shown this rare directorial skill. Even in *The Main Event*, a conventional prize-fight story, he succeeded in giving the picture a distinctive touch of originality thru his character portrayals and a graceful ease and fluency of story development.

In time such directors as he may succeed in raising the

CLOSE UP

quality level of pictures by the more or less insensible process of educating the masses to the appreciation of better stuff. It is a ticklish undertaking, however, and somewhat Utopian ; and meanwhile Hollywood in the main will continue to pay tribute to Philistia in the established and acceptable manner, and refrain from so much as molesting the goose that lays the golden egg.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.

SYNTHETIC DAWN

Here it is. At last. The screen's first international picture. Realise what that means. It means, apparently, it comes down to, "a Song of Two Humans". And what are humans ? Hearts or heads ? We shall see. And we will try to rid our minds of all the publicity matter.

But it keeps on cropping up. They were so anxious we should miss none of the Full Import of this picture. So we have a right to criticise. "*Sunrise* has a new technique, a new conception of the function of the motion picture, and a new outlook on the depth of human nature." Oughtn't *an outlook on* to be a penetrating gaze through ? And —but here is the picture. "Summertime is vacation time." Some trains and a bather reflectingly dissolving. Very pretty,

CLOSE UP

this. And if this is the technique what will the outlook be ? A lake, now. Not a very good lake. Rather cut-out and stand-upy. It covered ten acres. Why ? Lakes do, you know. Especially movie ones, and especially if Mr. Fox wants art. Make me art : so they made a lake. No expense was spared, no lavishness was too great : they even have O'Brien and an ox in the same picture. That's when we are seeing how fond the Man (with ox) is of the Wife (with baby) in the Days That Were. Very wise face the ox had, knew what it was up to. Can you lip-read ? The Man isn't happy any more.

A Woman From The City has Entered Into His Life. All in black. She slinks, with long satin streamers over her shoulder. And she whistles, which the orchestra picked up very well. When she whistles, the Man obeys. And His Loving Wife looks' sorrowful. But if she had any of the sense she had in *Seventh Heaven*, when she changed her appearance over-night, she would take off that wig. And probably that apron. What is she dressed like anyway ? Opera—yes, this is a Song. But she would sing (so to speak) better, if her ears were able to hear. I *don't* like that wig. She weeps on her Wee One's Pillow.

The Man is with the Woman. All very fundamental. Out in the reeds by the river. He had first of all lurched like a drunken sailor through the fields. This was meditation, and they did it like the carpet journey in *Faust*, just to show it's Murnau's trick, not Hoffmann's. "Come with me to the city !" says the Woman. And the grass waves and waves

CLOSE UP

and out of it the city rises. That is well done. What is well done is worth doing. The Man gazes at the grass, thinks of the City, and out of the wheat (?) comes forth wickedness. But if the Woman is bad enough to deserve her capitals, she should have plenty of men in the City. Why does she want him, unshaved too (that shows the Depths of His Degradation)? Can she love him? Perhaps she is at that critical age in a woman's life? "My Wife" he says. "Drown her!" she says. Are we seeing right? *Drown her?* Rather violent. Ah—the Woman wants the farm. It is like one's childhood's books. Masefield, I mean, and Naboth. Drown her.... "Right" says the man. And they arrange that he shall upset the boat and escape on a bundle of reeds.

Well, now! Are we understanding this Woman? Do we see into the depths of her nature? Does she *live* for us? No, she moves. The Man—why hasn't he got a name? O'Brien—lurches back. What is to become of the drunken sailor? A restless night.

Morning. Gaynor feeds chickens. O'Brien suggests a day in the city. Gaynor puts on the most peculiar hat, out of time—plaited from Time's beard—and of no place (the wig sees to that). She runs girlishly down to the water. Little Does She Know. But the dog does. So do we. We and the dog are winning. It barks, breaks loose. Senses disaster. Swims to the boat. Gaynor, still unhappy, pulls it in, pets it. O'Brien rows back. Dog is landed. What we are about is no dog's business. Why does Gaynor sense disaster? Does one often take Alsatians



Dona Juana, the new film made by Paul Czinner, with Elizabeth Bergner, for her own *Poetic Film Company* and *Ufa*. The story is from the Spanish book, *Don Gil of the Green Trousers*, by Tirso de Molina. Elizabeth Bergner mounted.



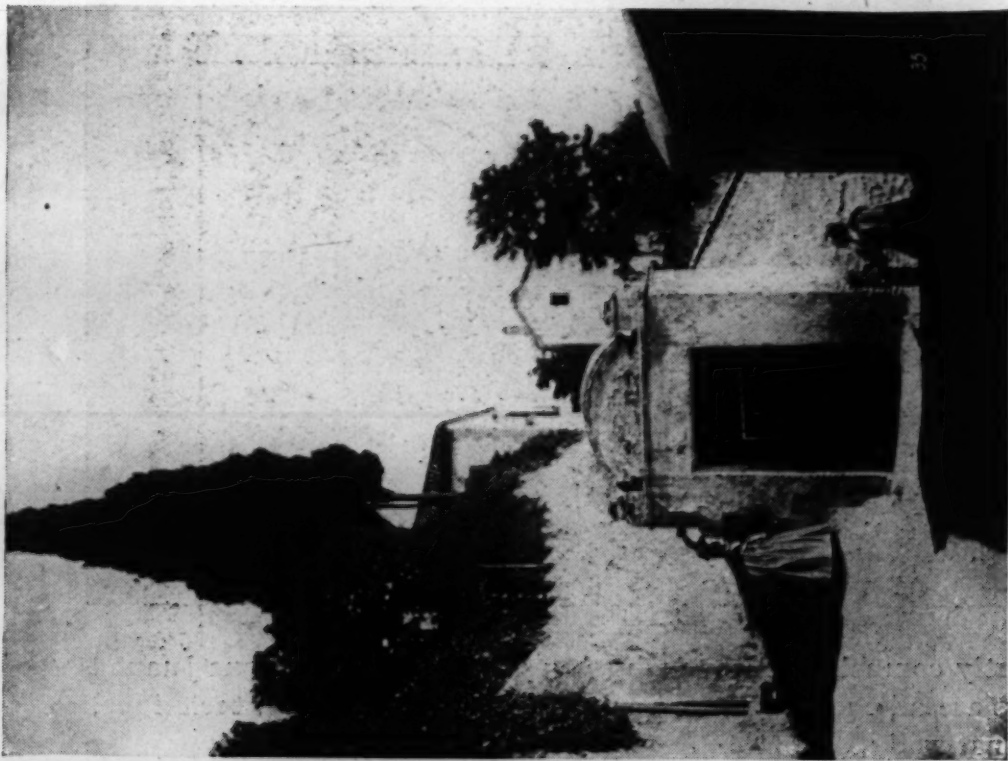
Dona Juana (right) and Don Alfonso (Hubert von Meyerinck) settle a difference.



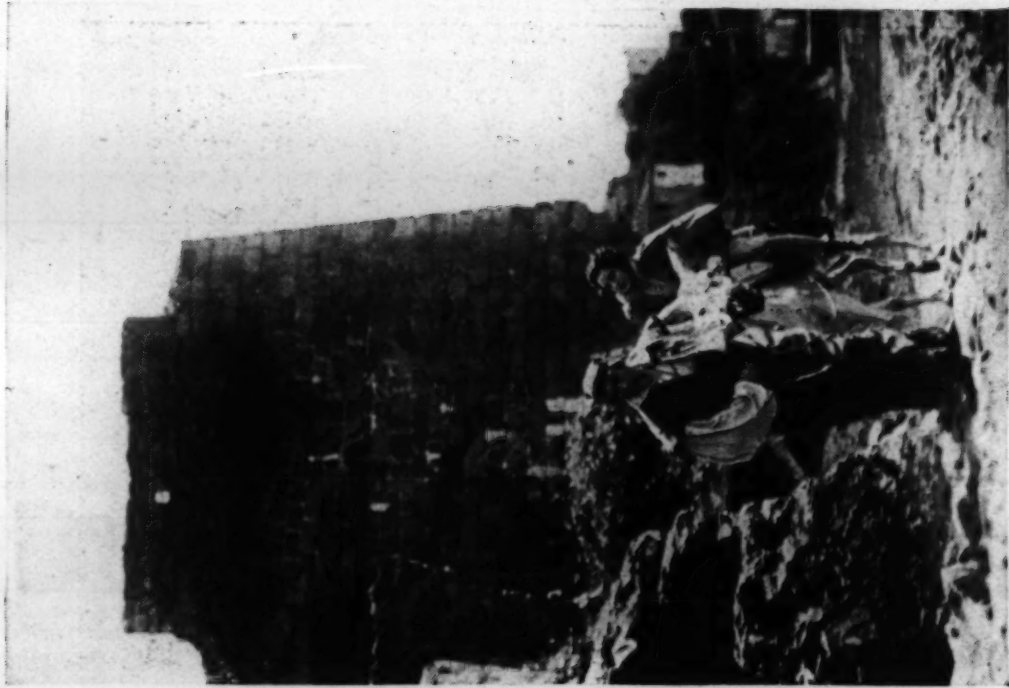
Elizabeth Bergner and Walther Rilla, who plays the part of Don Ramon. Walther Rilla played also in *The Violinist of Florence*.



A sufficiently compelling reason why you should ask to see Dona Juana !
The others are all equally beyond argument : lighting, story, technique,
direction, naturally, and last, but by no means least, photography by
Carl Freund.



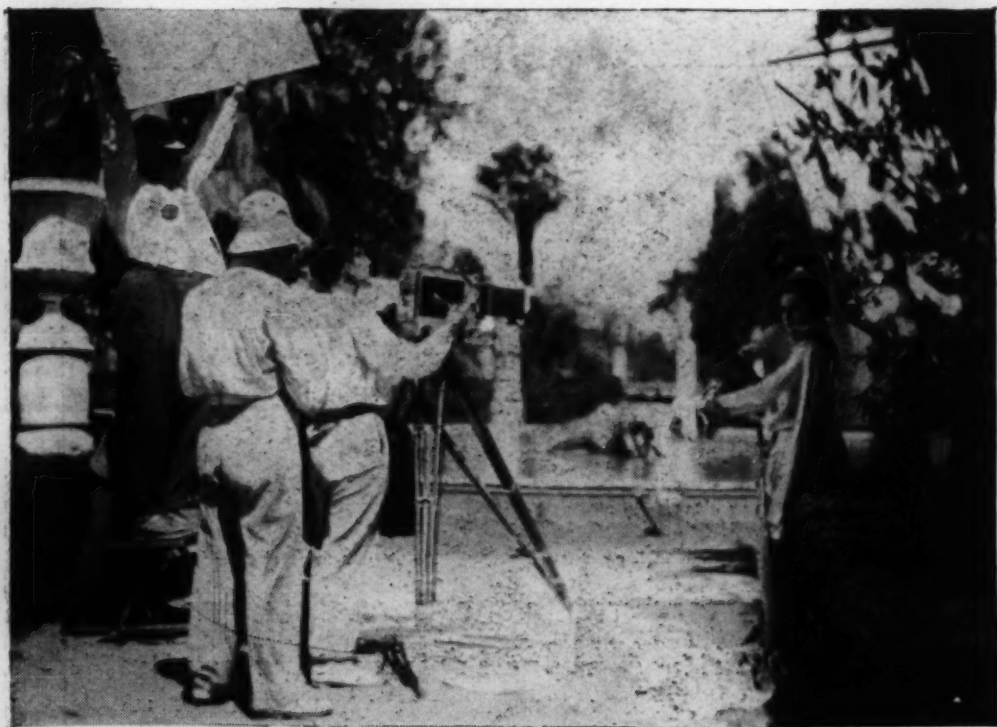
Full of suggestion, this ; of the south and siesta, and the stressed significance of solitary figures abroad in the noonday silence :—such atmosphere in fact, as Czinner not only excels in, but which, without exaggeration, might be termed a typical Czinner atmosphere.



This too has similar atmospheric value. This is adventure certainly,—the whole authentic period is reconstructed in the stolid figure leading the ass, and in the alert Velazquez-
esque, slight boyish figure riding it.



Czimmer commandeers the ass to "practise bronco bucking for Tex Austin's next Rodeo".



Czimmer, Elisabeth Bergner and the cameraman Freund, in Spain. Note the reflectors, held aloft, and the spread sheet on the ground.



Czinzer instructing Elisabeth Bergner.



Ready to shoot. An ensemble in Spain. Needless to say, the standard lamp will not appear in the film itself.



A scene from *The Youth of Queen Louise*, the new Max Glass *Terra* film. Directed by Carl Grune from a manuscript by Ludwig Berger, with sets by Hans Jacoby and photographed by Arpad Viragh. Mady Christians as Louise and Adele Sandrock as Countess Voss.



Mady Christians and Matthias Wiemann, as Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown Prince of Prussia,
Charles Vanel appears as Napoleon.

CLOSE UP

for sprees in the City? It is not, nor it cannot come to, good. O'Brien has an Evil Impulse. He stands up in the boat. We all know that is dangerous. He advances threateningly. Rock, rock, Gaynor supplicates—you know, her hands make a steeple. It is no good, I cannot do it. But she won't risk it, either. She hops out (ah, you say, in what contrast to her gay departure). And runs through a Californian Wood. But the Man catches her up. Forgive me. Once again, this is rather good, though Gaynor isn't herself nor anyone's self. She's Gaynor minus Gaynor. The Girl Wife. Weighed down by the wig. Perhaps she too wonders what a "human" is. Anyway, she runs. A tram comes along, out of Time. She leaps in. Further on, he catches it. They sit, Gaynor cowering. Fears flying over and through her still figure are good against the moving but unmoved scenery. And so is the descent, and change it implies, from wood to city. Mostly due to the camera-man. So was *Faust*, when you come to think of it.

Gaynor tries to escape her husband. He lurches after her, saves her from traffic, buys roses. Pleads forgiveness. Walks with tears (salt) streaming. The life of the city is subordinated to these two. Now this does not happen. We get no feel of the city, because it has been given no life. *My Best Girl* was better than this. Yes, but Pickford's an old star and they're getting rid of them, so—ssh! Possibly.

The "humans" are in a restaurant. Now I have it, humans are robots. They do all they are meant to but they've no

CLOSE UP

soul, no beings. They're just human. He offers her cakes. She tries to eat, but bursts into tears. This, I believe, is one of the high-lights, but if you've seen *Sylvesterabend* or *Menilmontant*, if you remember the sausage in *Nju*, this food means nothing. It is used, not as symbols of what the food in those films symbolized, but as symbols of that food itself. It worked in *Nju*, let us make it work here. But Czinner can make almost anything work. Murnau only occasionally gets across. The camera-man is Charles Roscher.

They move on. Find a wedding. Murnau ordered a *Noces Complets*, and there is nothing behind it. That's it, there's nothing behind—nothing behind the £ 200,000 city set. It's built up, it hasn't grown. Gaynor and O'Brien Realize What Marriage Means. They go out, Oblivious Of All. That wedding was the turning point, so it ought to have meant something to us and it didn't. Still oblivious, they have caused a traffic block. Not very well done, one felt the cues. One remembered *My Best Girl*. Funny, but in that film, if one took away what the Pickford stands for (Good Wifehood, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Gladys Smith and her Niece, and Arrested Development) one got, suddenly, a common couple, very happy, walking through the rain, slashing across everyone's ordinary little bothers with their love. And of course, all the Pickford stands for takes itself away. There's something left. Here minus the technique there's nothing left. One doesn't take away, one puts in. One puts being into the "humans."

The rest of the day in the city shows them having a second

CLOSE UP

honeymoon. The moods that, so far, all this might give rise to are clearly intricate and delicate. They could have been given beautifully, till the beam seemed not to throw them on the screen but to be coming from it, charged and electric, to us. Straight. Mind and mind. Gaynor's mind and O'Brien's mind and ours, all lifted beyond all three by Murnau's mind. But Murnau's mind can't do it. So think for a moment of *Nju*, when Bergner returned from the dance, or stood by the fireplace, after she first saw Veidt. The light-waves there were thought-waves. Light was mind, and the figures were quivering accumulations of light. That is what *Sunrise* can't do, and wants to do. And the way it tries is with comic relief in photographer's and barber's shops. But *Men and Wives* and *Other Women* don't matter except for the states of mind they cause, the currents they control and diffuse.

They return re-united. Across the lake. Zig-zig goes the lightning. If they are subject to storms, why don't they carry a lifebelt? Waves and waving masts and wreck. O'Brien is saved. Boats with pretty lamps look for Gaynor. Across a badly-lit water scene, some reeds drift. O'Brien in the prow, looks out on the deep. Hope Abandoned. But one old man still searches. The night wears on. O'Brien heavily beside himself, Bodil Rosing passively consoling and good. We have said "good" a great deal. What does it mean? It means we are being fair, doing what we are meant to, like the actors. This is the darkest hour. Then, one arm over some reeds Gaynor trails across the screen. Very uncomfortable, but her wig has kept on. They bring her in

CLOSE UP

across the pier where yesterday she tripped etc. O'Brien has been throttling the Woman. Darkest hour before the dawn. Wife and Man are united. Storm dies down. Out of time and out of place, sunrise. We leave the theatre feeling (vide pamphlet) so happy.

A song of two humans. Heads or hearts? Neither—hands made this. It is very elaborate. There is no psychology, no insight, nothing we have been waiting for. The technique—Oh, damn technique. London twitters because a picture had been made perfectly using the medium. "At last". But at last belongs to them, there have been plenty, in the days when we were trying to get room for the movies in columns devoted to repertory theatres, hunt balls, and motoring notes. *Sunrise* tries very hard and succeeds in providing A Happy Hour For Housemaids. Which is all to the good and it is good of Mr. Fox to spend so much on them. It may accustom housemaids, among whom mentally are most of those who employ them, to the films' particular methods: but the films' material it does not give them. The cinema should be the means of this age to express what this age feels and there is nothing of this age in *Sunrise*. *Sunrise* takes us back and makes us unlearn. It is pre-Morris and mock-Morris. The point is that literature did its job very well and the cinema is not doing its own by repeating the process. There is a great deal to be unloosed here, in each of us, and we wait and wait and sometimes a film comes along, and sometimes *Sunrise*. Trying as it sets out to do to be of no place and every place, of all time and no time, it succeeds quite elaborately in repeat-

CLOSE UP

ing the superficialities of every age whilst giving expression to none of the complexities of this.

ROBERT HERRING.

ALRAUNE AND SCHINDERHANNES

SCHINDERHANNES.

The Story.

In the year 1796, the French have occupied the left shore of the Rhine. They are ruthlessly collecting taxes. If anybody is unable to pay, his entire live-stock is confiscated. Young men are forcibly being enlisted into the ranks of the French army.

Three young men, the brothers Benzel and Hannes Buckler, disguised as cripples, are trying to evade the French recruiting officers. The mayor working hand in hand with the French, is pursuing them, assisted by the French gendarmerie. However, they succeed in escaping the pursuers. The mayor enraged, takes action against young Buckler's parents. The latter returns to help them but is seized and overpowered by the gendarmes, and the following morning, is publicly whipped in the market-place. Enraged, ashamed, and in despair, he runs into the forest. There he drops down

CLOSE UP

down on the ground, tormented in his helpless anger. While there a number of bandits and cut-throats come out of their hiding place in the bushes and seeing him, and his pain and despair, make fun of him. Suddenly appears Leyendecker, the lame boot-maker, who is the brain, the leader of the gang. He reasons, that the young man would be a valuable member for his gang, and succeeds in enlisting him. At night, Hannes goes after his friend Benzel, whose brother also agrees to join the gang. On the same night, they stage a burglary in Simmern, choosing the house of the mayor. The latter hides himself on top of the church tower, but in vain, they follow him there. While trying to escape, the mayor misses his step, and is swallowed by the dark yawning depth. Now, there is no going back. There is a price on the head of Hannes,—Schinderhannes is being pursued all over the country. The gang meanwhile is getting larger and larger and more powerful. The situation has become such that nobody takes the chance of travelling through the country unless he is in possession of a personal letter of protection, supposedly written by Schinderhannes, but actually by Leyendecker who is making ambitious and audacious plans ; that the entire Hunsrück, the entire left shore of the Rhine, shall be armed and put under command of Hannes. There is to be an open fight against the oppressors. A flaming thought ! Hannes realises but one thing, that he takes what he needs, that he is powerful and feared by everybody. However, although he has power he does not know enough to make real use of it. Perhaps he is too young, perhaps he still lacks the necessary

CLOSE UP

strength of character. Against Leyendecker's orders, he attacks a court of debtors, arrests judges and plaintiffs, and distributes the looted money among the poor. He is rather vain, likes to be cheered, particularly since he has come to know Julchen, the girl musician, who follows him. Leyendecker is unable to oppose Hannes, the people, the mob, are enthralled with him and his joyful ways and they do not understand Leyendecker. Hannes becomes captain and more, a leader of the oppressed people, because he is loved and idolised by them. All warnings of Leyendecker are in vain. Regiments are being mobilized against Schinderhannes. He is to be captured and to be destroyed, together with the peasants whose movements are already tantamount to open rebellion. Peasants flock from all sides to warn him. In vain Julchen who not only as a woman, but also as a mother, is more able to see clearly into the future, tries to bring Hannes to his senses, to restrain him. In vain ! On the same night, he, together with his gang and the peasants, attacks the strongest military post. He is being pressed hard from all sides by the troops, and beaten, destroyed and pursued, has to take to flight. Leyendecker, the former leader, personally covers his retreat and now the hoofs of the enemy's horses are tramping over his mutilated corpse. Hannes flies to the Prussians, on the other side of the Rhine. But the brother of his friend Benzel turns traitor, and the Prussians turn him over to the French. Schinderhannes, together with his gang, is brought before a court-martial. In the wooden tower at Mainz, Schinderhannes spends his last night with

CLOSE UP

Julchen. On the next day at Mainz, he, together with his father and his nineteen men are to be executed. On the way to his execution he is cheered as a national hero, who goes to die for his people.

Comment.

Kurt Bernhardt ! His name has over night become significant in the German Film industry. Nobody knew him, nor anything about him ! Considering the tremendous success of *Schinderhannes* one would expect to meet an old "Film Routinier" but to one's surprise, one meets a nice, jolly young man, the director. — Kurt Bernhardt.

Yes, one does believe him when he laughingly begins his tale : "The film directors, the mightiest of the mighty, always said *the Schinderhannes* ? Now, go on, young man, that's no subject for us.' So I was always being turned down in spite of the stage success of the same name. I was not even allowed to go into details."

One sees this photo-play (a better has not been shown for years) and one cannot help continually asking one's self the same question : is this young man really it's director ? But as he continues, one finds the same something in his speech, which one has noticed in his film—his self-confidence, no overbearing air at all. As a daily paper writes—"There is something fascinating in his ways, which probably accounts a good deal for his actors doing their uttermost. Thus it was possible to have Hans Stüwe (playing Schinderhannes)

CLOSE UP

and Albert Steinrück (playing Leyendecker) put such artistic consistency into the parts. The same applies to the acting of the others. Lissi Arna, Kowal-Samborski, Oskar Homolka and Fritz Rasp ; one notices the same directing hand. Above all, Bernhardt tried to create the play outside a small national tendency, to demonstrate the peculiarities and the historical events of that particular period. And in this he certainly succeeded ! There is a harmonious balance in the merging of different characters, which makes the play a complete unity.

The parts are properly proportioned so that the play has a smooth run all the way through. Let us hope that Bernhardt will succeed in keeping his position with the purely artistic film. The unavoidable small technical faults do not irritate, because the camera man Gunther Krampf has done his very best.

ALRAUNE.

The story *Alraune* by Hanns Heinz Ewers when first published years ago, at once became a sensation.

Even though the theme is a rather risky experiment, in which the author deals with a more or less fantastic-scientific problem, it cannot be denied that H. H. Ewers has skilfully introduced his sinister characters into suitable surroundings. *Alraune* (Mandrake) concerning which an old legend states that this "humanlike plant" grows beneath gallows, is the subject H. H. Ewers used for his story, weaving it in with a

scientific significance. It is the result of a scientific experiment which is found in the daughter of a hanged criminal and a prostitute—a human-being born to destroy those near to her.

Thus H. H. Ewers trod new literary paths, going where few were allowed.

Now the Ama-Film G. m. b. H. of Berlin has filmed the story, and to a certain extent succeeded with it. The director, Mr. Henrik Galeen, however, is no Hanns Heinz Ewers of the screen, so that the play lacks the fantastic quality of the story. It is a play, however, which ranks above the average, and the credit for this is due to the youthful Brigitte Helm—Alraune—whom we remember also in *Metropolis*. In her acting she develops a talent akin to that of Ewers; she understood her part, and as far as possible gave the film new attraction, which covered up some of the faults the film had. The acting is not only artistic, it is also as realistic as can be possible in such a film.

One wonders again and again how it is possible that a girl so young as Brigitte Helm is able to play her part with such highly subtle artistry—the character of the leading part needing such spiritual and inner comprehension.

Just the opposite with Paul Wegener as Prof. ten Brinken. Wegener's slightly exaggerated, yet still appealing acting, attracts less attention—probably because the part of ten Brinken is more or less a fantastic one.

The other parts are played by Ivan Petrovitch, Wolfgang Zilzer, Mia Pankau and Heinrich Schroth, and they are in accord with the pervading atmosphere.

CLOSE UP

The photoplay *Alraune* could easily become a sensation were only its name :

—*Brigitte Helm* !—

ERICH HELLMUND-WALDOW.

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

VIII.

(*Animal Impudens*....)

(Early Father, conditioned reflex of,)

Amongst the gifts showered upon humanity by the screen and already too numerous to be counted, none has been more eagerly welcomed than the one bestowed upon the young woman who is allowed to shine from its surface just as she is. In silent, stellar radiance, for the speech that betrayeth is not demanded of her and in this she is more fortunate than her fellows upon the stage. Yet even they—even those who are mere stage effects, a good deal less than actors and, since they are ambulatory, rather more than properties—are, for some of us, magical and songworthy. And to those film-stars who are just ambulatory screen effects many of us have paid homage to the point of willingness to die for their sweet sakes, and all of us, partly on account of their silence but largely

CLOSE UP

for the Film's sake, have suffered them more or less gladly.

But it is not only upon the screen that this young woman has been released in full power. She is to be found also facing it, and by no means silent, in her tens of thousands. A human phenomenon, herself in excelsis ; affording rich pasture for the spiritual descendants of Messrs. Juvenal and Co. And thus far the lady is beneficent. But there are others together with her in the audience. There are for example those illogical nice creatures who, while they respectfully regard woman as life's supreme achievement, capping even the starfish and the stars, are still found impotently raging when in the presence of the wonders of art she remains self-centred and serenely self-expressive. Such, meeting her at her uttermost, here where so far there is not even a convention of silence to keep her within bounds, must sometimes need more than all their chivalry to stop short of moral homicide.

I must confess to having at least one foot in their camp. I evade the lady whenever it is possible and, in the cinema, as far as its gloom allows, choose a seat to the accompaniment of an apprehensive consideration of its surroundings, lest any of her legion should be near at hand. Nevertheless I have learned to cherish her. For it's she at her most flagrant that has placed the frail edifice of my faith in woman at last upon a secure foundation. For this boon I thank her, and am glad there has been time for her fullest demonstrations before the day when the cinema audience shall have established a code of manners.

CLOSE UP

That day is surely not far off. One of the things, perhaps, so far, the only thing, to be said for the film that can be heard as well as seen is that it puts the audience in its place, reduces it to the condition of being neither seen nor heard. But it may be that before the standard film becomes an audible entertainment it will occur to some enterprising producer, possibly to one of those transatlantic producers who possess so perfectly the genial art of taking the onlookers into their confidence and not only securing but conducting their collaboration, to prelude his performance by a homily on the elements of the technique of film-seeing ; a manuel of etiquette for the cinema in a single caption, an inclusive courteous elegant paraphrase of the repressed curses of the minority :

Don't stand arguing in the gangway, we are not deaf.

Crouch on your way to your seat, you are not transparent.

Sit down the second you reach it.

Don't deliver public lectures on the film as it unfolds.

Or on anything else.

Don't be audible in any way unless the film brings you laughter.

Cease, in fact, to exist except as a contributing part of the film, critical or otherwise, and if critical, silently so.

If this minimum of decent consideration for your neighbours is beyond you, go home.

An excellent alternative would be a film that might be called *A Mirror of Audiences*, with many close-ups.

Meanwhile here we are, and there she is. In she comes and the screen obediently ceases to exist. If when finally she

CLOSE UP

attends to it—for there is first her toilet to think of, and then her companion, perhaps not seen since yesterday—she is disappointed, we all hear of it. If she is pleased we learn how and why. If her casual glance discovers stock characters engrossed in a typical incident of an average film, well known to her for she has served her enthralled apprenticeship and is a little blasé, her conversation proceeds uninterrupted. And to this we do not entirely object. The conversation may be more interesting than the film. But, so long as she is there, gone is the possibility of which any film is so delightfully prodigal : the possibility of escape via incidentals into the world of meditation or of thought. And, whatever be the film so long as she is close at hand there is no security. Odd fantasy, a moving drama well acted, a hint of any kind of beauty, may still her for a while. But there is nothing that can stem for long the lively current of her personality. Her partner follows her lead after his manner, but quietly, unless his taste is for commentary displaying his wisdom or his pretty wit.

Let us attend to her, for she can lead her victim through anger to cynicism and on at last to a discovery that makes it passing strange that no male voice has been raised save in condemnation, that no man, film-lover and therefore for years past helplessly at her mercy, has risen up and cried Eureka. For she is right. For all her bad manners that will doubtless be pruned when the film becomes high art and its temple a temple of stillness save for the music that at present inspires her to do her worst, she is innocently, directly, albeit uncon-

CLOSE UP

sciously, upon the path that men have reached through long centuries of effort and of thought. She does not need, this type of woman clearly does not need, the illusions of art to come to the assistance of her own sense of existing. Instinctively she maintains a balance, the thing perceived and herself perceiving. She must therefore insist that she is not unduly moved, or if she be moved must assert herself as part of that which moves her. She takes all things currently. Free from man's pitiful illusion of history, she sees everything in terms of life that uncannily she knows to be at all times fundamentally the same. She is the amateur realist. Not all the wiles of the most perfect art can shift her from the centre where she dwells. Nor has she aught but scorn for those who demand that she shall be so shifted. And between her scorn and the scorn we have felt for her who shall judge?

Down through the centuries men and some women have pathetically contemplated art as a wonder outside themselves. It is only in recent years that man has known beauty to emanate from himself, to be his gift to what he sees. And the dreadful woman asserting herself in the presence of no matter what grandeurs unconsciously testifies that life goes on, art or no art and that the onlooker is a part of the spectacle.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

LETTRE DE VIENNE

Tout d'abord, pardonnez-moi ce titre, car il est faux. Il n'y a pas de vie cinématographique à Vienne, mais précisément à cause de cela, je tiens à en parler un peu.

Toute vie cinématographique suppose un intérêt actif pour les films, des salles spéciales où l'on s'efforce de montrer des bandes artistiques et non seulement de la marchandise courante, l'existence d'au moins un ou deux journaux qui ont pour tâche d'aplanir le chemin au nouvel Art, et d'autres choses semblables encore.

On ne remarque rien de tout cela, à Vienne.

Cet état de choses pourrait passer pour normal et excusable si l'on s'imaginait que Vienne, trop préoccupée par sa situation politique et économique, trouvait à peine le temps de s'occuper de questions artistiques ; mais ce n'est pas le cas. Vienne est encore, malgré tout, la ville de la Musique (lorsque je séjournais là-bas, toute la presse locale était en émoi car on venait de donner un premier opéra-jazz à l'Opéra même) et par expérience personnelle, je sais qu'il se trouve à Vienne des hommes qui ont une idée assez nette de ce que pourraient être les films, et qui s'y intéressent sincèrement. Mais aucune possibilité ne leur est offerte de faire entendre leur avis, aucun journal ne met à leur disposition la plus petite rubrique de ses colonnes, aucun groupement artistique, analogue à celui de

CLOSE UP

Charles Legers à Paris, intitulé : « Tribune libre du Cinéma », pour donner ici quelques représentations choisies.

A qui la faute dans tout cela ? Sûrement, tout d'abord, à une certaine passivité du public à l'égard de l'Art nouveau. Et puis, au système ridiculement enfantin des licences de cinémas, car il faut avoir une licence de la Municipalité de la ville de Vienne pour lancer un établissement quelconque de projection. Ces licences sont accordées en tenant compte de certaines conditions qui, malheureusement, n'ont rien à voir avec l'art proprement dit. Les personnes avantagées à cet égard se recrutent parmi les veuves ou les invalides de guerre. C'est là un mobile charitable, évidemment, mais combien inopportun dans le domaine de l'art !

La ville de Vienne compte environ 200 cinémas qui donnent tous des représentations d'une durée de 1 heure et demie, ce qui nécessite, vu que le film entier doit passer dans ce laps de temps, d'importantes coupures. Tout ce qui n'est pas absolument nécessaire pour la compréhension d'une intrigue, fût-ce même de remarquables passages d'une réelle valeur artistique, est laissé de côté. Les programmes se changent deux fois par semaine. Six ou sept cinémas projettent simultanément le dernier film du moment, bon au mauvais, pendant les trois jours consacrés, et puis, c'est le film suivant, et ainsi de suite ; tout ceci mécaniquement, sans approfondir quoi que ce soit et sans jamais révéler une directive intelligente.

Ce point est important car s'il existait à Vienne quelques cinémas donnant un film en exclusivité, il est probable que l'effet en serait heureux sur l'éducation artistique du public,

qui serait de la sorte contraint à se rendre à tel cinéma pour voir tel film qui ne manquerait pas de l'intéresser. Ce public constaterait bientôt qu'il y a une grande différence entre « le film » et la production ordinaire qui encombre le marché. L'indolence qui faisait aller ces gens tous les trois soirs dans le plus proche cinéma pour qu'il soit dit de passer une soirée et non de voir un film, ferait place à un réel intérêt. Cela signifierait la naissance d'une branche artistique encore insoupçonnée là-bas. Le choix serait alors possible, et les directeurs de cinés qui se révéleraient incapables d'initiatives intéressantes veraient bientôt leur clientèle abandonner leurs établissements, qui seraient boycottés et tomberaient tout naturellement. (A ce propos, dans quelle profession voyons-nous une aussi vaste possibilité de corruption populaire que dans celle d'une entreprise cinématographique où les dirigeants ne comprennent et n'apprécient du nouvel Art, que la Caisse, et ne doivent qu'à l'obtention d'une licence le droit d'ouvrir un cinéma ?)

Voici une petite anecdote authentique qui vous fera comprendre, mieux que tout autre discours, l'état de choses existant dans le monde cinématographique de Vienne. J'étais allé voir un film dans un cinéma de la localité et constatais avec ennui qu'entre chaque acte, (ou plutôt chaque rouleau de film) il y avait un petit arrêt. Ma supposition fût alors que l'appareil de projection, probablement d'un vieux modèle, était à enroulement simple, et ceci m'apparût bien « petite-ville » et misérable. Quel ne fût pas mon étonnement cependant lorsque j'appris de la bouche d'un membre du personnel que ce n'était pas là l'unique cause des arrêts fréquents. Le cinéma

CLOSE UP

en question louait le film en commun avec un établissement voisin. L'un des deux commençait la représentation un peu avant l'autre et lorsque la première pellicule de film avait passé, vite on la portait au second cinéma qui la projetait à son tour. Ce système d'échange me parût effarant, car tout l'effet artistique d'un film est détruit, de ce fait, lorsque la continuité de la projection est si odieusement brisée.

Les films qui passent à Vienne sont pour la plupart d'origine allemande et ce sont presque toujours des bandes dont aucun public des pays de l'ouest ne voudraient se contenter. Ceci démontre bien que l'on englobe Vienne déjà dans la province balkanique. Vienne n'a qu'un privilège sur les autres centres cinématographiques, c'est celui de pouvoir contempler fréquemment des films de production russe, mais là se borne son privilège.

Mais, j'oublie de vous parler de la production viennoise. Pendant toute la durée de mon séjour ici, un mois environ, aucun film ne fût tourné. C'est heureux, car ce qui se fait ici est encore plus mauvais que ce dont je viens de vous parler. Et ce n'est pas peu dire !

Une seule tentative intéressante est faite actuellement. M. Jarno, Directeur du « Lustspieltheater » a transformé son théâtre en salle de projection d'exclusivités. Je crains toutefois que cette initiative n'obtienne pas le résultat mérité, car le cinéma en question, situé dans le quartier renommé du Prater, est malheureusement assez éloigné du centre de la ville. Mais réjouissons-nous cependant car voici enfin une idée lancée, et souhaitons que l'indolence, cette ennemie de tout pro-

CLOSE UP

grès, dont Vienne semble si particulièrement atteinte, ne vienne pas anéantir cette lueur d'espoir.

JEAN LENAUER.

EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL FILMS

A question of the future, a question with much importance for the future, but unfortunately of late, a question of international tendency,—which is to be attributed to developments of the past months.

An international attempt began right after the war to create an exchange of educational motion picture material on a large scale, and to deal with the question of filming conditions and possibilities in various countries, mainly with the object of achieving lower expenses. The present valuable and high class nature of which the educational film has partaken must be chiefly attributed to the energetic efforts made by France, whose pioneers Maray, Bull and Omnius must not be forgotten, since it was they who laid the foundations for the making of educational films, and thus made its present development possible. Unfortunately it seems that the conferences held at the International League for educational and exploration pictures, which took place in Hamburg on October 10th, 1922, and the International Cinema Congress in

CLOSE UP

Paris on October 1st, 1926, have not been crowned with success. In spite of the ceaseless work, which has been done for the European Educational Film Conference (at the Chamber for European Educational Films at Basel on April 4th, 1927) by the organising Council, the hoped-for international solution of the problem has not been achieved. Let us hope however, that the future will bring us this final solution !

Undoubtedly a problem which will tax the efforts of its pioneers to the uttermost !

Germany !

Berlin !

Board of Review for motion pictures at the Central Institute for Education and Teaching !

Motion Picture League in Germany and—the question of the film for children ! —

A high class organisation, no doubt, “exact”, conscientious, the ends and possibilities of educational and school-films ever in view !

However (and there is no getting away from the fact) all this is no more than a start, an experiment at best. Whose fault is it ?—

This is the great national question. (Without any political sense.) There is a “contingent” law in Germany to which foreign import of educational films is subjected.

The Department of Education is located in Berlin and this department controls all matters concerning school-film.

The Board of Review passes judgment over the artistic and educational value of films adaptable for both school and the

entire population while both producer and distributor receive a written certificate from the Board. Such certificate determines the lightest possible taxation to which the film will be subjected by the government.

The Motion Picture League in Germany has the task of supplying schools with such school films as are passed by the Board of Review.

Let us begin with the question of "Contingent" !

Is this manner of approval in the matter of Educational and School films justified ?

No ! It would be better to make things less complicated and to avoid sharp measures. Even though the International Congresses and the Chamber for Educational Films attached to the League of Nations, are doing their best to straighten out this question, there still remains the necessity to induce the governments of various countries to endeavour to create a reasonable inter-exchange of educational and school film matter. There ought to be found a way to do away with bureaucratic obstacles.

For every country in proportion to its industrial and labouring conditions, and its geographical location, the school and educational film industry meets with ever new and better filming conditions. In no case do we need these contingencies in the educational and school question, on the contrary, they block the import and export of the films, for amusement only.

Well, let this contingency useless as it is, remain for this kind of film, but there is such a vast difference, on an indus-

CLOSE UP

trial basis, between films for educational and amusement purposes that it is impossible to deal with both kinds in the same manner.

What attitude is our department for Education taking toward the question of school-films ?—

Well—a good many resolutions had been passed to the effect that it would be a good thing to provide new school buildings, or schools to be rebuilt, with special class-rooms for school-film demonstration.

In general it was found to be quite sufficient simply to recommend taking up the demonstration of school-films. (This is to be found in the bill passed by the Department of Science, Art and National Education on March 10th, 1920. U. 4. 7844.)

School films are subjects to further education and the necessary costs may be deducted from school expenditure. As to the place of demonstrating such school films, schools should as far as possible, be chosen for that purpose.

Rubric III.

Where there are communities for the purpose of furthering school-film performances, they should be assisted and given due help and co-operation.

(Bill of March 26th, 1922.)

CLOSE UP

To make a long story short, the attitude taken toward this matter is one of benevolence ; active measures, however, have not been taken, neither has anything been done to realise capital for this purpose.

With regard to the question of expenses, this is being left to the state and counties, and such educational institutions as bear the expenditure and whose financial ability and pedagogical position is decisive. With a few exceptions however their financial efforts have neither helped nor accomplished anything of moment.

The Board of Review, was organised by the central department in co-operation with the entire film industry, in the year 1919, and the task of this Board is to criticise and approve all films, which are voluntarily submitted by either producer or distributor and its decision as to whether or not such films can suitably be used for educational and school purposes, to judge from the point of view of the Department of Education, is final.

However—this organisation was finally approved by the government only in recent years and thus enabled to draw a line between films valuable as educational films and films of a purely artistic value. Such approvals of this "Lampe" Organisation, are, as already mentioned, governmental and final, and either result in a tax reduction or as often happens, in the complete remission of taxes on such films.

Because of the fact that almost all official organisations and institutions have completely failed to further the school-film question, producers have seen to it of their own initia-

CLOSE UP

tive that most of their films are of such a character that minors are admitted to the performances at the theatre. Most of these films are of historical character such as *Napoleon-Bonaparte*, *Friedericus Rex*, *Nibelungen-Saga*, and many more. As to social films such as *Falsche Scham*, (*The Dangers of Ignorance*) a film about disease and cure (four episodes taken from a physician's diary) these were also given free to minors. For instance, *Geisel der Menschheit*, a film dealing with venereal diseases, was, outside the regular programme, being shown separately at schools for girls and at schools for boys. This film is of educational value and therefore it was given free for minors. (See comments in last month's issue by Dr. Havelock Ellis. Editor.)

The domestic and foreign production of the past years has been very rich, having put out an unlimited number of films which minors were permitted to attend. Because of this we come to the valuable conclusion, that even the young generation must not be denied the pleasure of an Educational Motion Picture performance, particularly so, since our educational authorities are not doing much to make the teaching of any particular subject more clear and more interesting by the use of educational films, even when excellent ones exist that would perfectly fit in with the lesson.

The German Motion Picture League, was formed along with the "Lampe" Organisation, whose task it was to organise a Central Motion Picture Registry and to take over all

negotiations with the producers and distributors of the entire film industry, in order to be able to put all matters concerning school and educational films and their performances on the cheapest possible basis. In the year 1919 there were a good many motion picture concerns, which took up production of Educational and Scientific films on a large scale. They soon realised however that they could not continue in this way, because schools and universities, for reasons already mentioned were not sufficient alone to make these films financially successful. The theatre-owner however, is only interested in very big educational and scientific productions which will make his business profitable, in spite of the huge expenses with which he has to compete,—such films as for instance *Der Wilderer* (The Savage) *Nanook*, and *Chang*. As a result of the above mentioned facts and reasons, it is safe to state, that from 1927 on, the German Educational and Scientific production has been at death's door. Thus it is that the German Motion Picture League has now only more or less old films, which technically are practically valueless.

There is another obstacle in the attitude of the present body of teachers. To a greater or lesser extent being opposed to the introduction of educational films into the programme of teaching, at present it has absolutely no interest in the question and completely ignores it. The Mass of narrow minded and unapproachable teachers does not keep pace with modern technical means and improvements and it is evident that in the school-film question it follows an "Ostrich-Policy".

The department of Education, together with the states

CLOSE UP

and communities who bear the expenses of the school, should make it their business to see that the introduction of school films into the programme of teaching is accomplished. Meantime we find that the number of German Educational and school-film pioneers is very limited, consisting of a small group of modern thinking pedagogues, the so-called school communities, who partly through their own means, together with the help of the parents of their pupils, have insisted that schools be provided with the equipment necessary for Motion Picture performances. (The city of Chemnitz and the Free-State of Sachsen.) It is therefore fortunate that Professor Dr. Lampe, of the Central Institute, Berlin, has been sufficiently successful to make the admission of minors possible to the performances of films especially suitable for educational purposes, because the educational and school-film problem which is as yet unsolved is to a certain extent being counter-balanced in the circles of theatre-owners. It has been mentioned already that a more or less widely expressed aversion exists in connection with educational and scientific films, and that the theatre owner is only really interested in big plays of real and expressed educational and scientific value.

It is safe to say, that theatre owners are openly opposed to putting scientific films as an additional attraction on their programmes.

This attitude is quite reasonable and can easily be understood because we have a very limited supply of films of real scientific value,—yes, we have even been through a “film inflation”, which has flooded the market with so called, “city-

films", and which has clearly shown how utterly impossible and valueless such propaganda films are.

Here is an example :

X'bourg has churches and towers, a city-hall, a railway station, a main street leading to or from the station with more or less comfortable hotels.

B'dorf also has all those things. The unscrupulous industry has made a mean attempt to derive as much benefit as possible from this "city-propaganda film scheme", even the smallest and most insignificant towns were filmed, towns often as utterly uninteresting as they are presented to the public !—It certainly is rewarding to see the ancient 13-15th century buildings of Goslar or Hildesheim on the screen, but it is rather doubtful if late 19th century buildings of B-dorf could make any impression on the public.

Isn't it quite reasonable to find that theatre owners are antagonized as soon as the words "scientific films" are mentioned ? This "Manko" is solely to be attributed to the producer. Were there better, real scientific-films the theatre owner would not hesitate to put them on his programme.

In view of this, the *Ufa* a number of years ago made it their task to show only scientific films of their own manufacture. These were shown at the theatres, *Kammerspiele*, *Potsdamerplatz*, and *Mozartsaal*, with much success. One can easily see that it is quite possible, as long as the matter is being tackled with the required expert knowledge.

We in Germany, are at death's door concerning the question of scientific and school-films.

CLOSE UP

But how are things in other countries ?

There is no getting away from the fact, that much serious international work will be required to secure the scientific and school film its place in both school and theatre, where being an educational factor, it undoubtedly belongs.

E. HELLMUND-WALDOW.

COMMENT AND REVIEW

WHY !

I was both pleased and sad when I saw in the January issue of *Close Up* the reproductions of some actual "sets", side by side with the original sketches.

I was pleased that you had published the photos and so given some people an opportunity of realizing that there are at least a few designers in the Kinema to-day who are capable of creating an artistic (that dreadfully hackneyed word) set, but one which definitely gives very much to the atmosphere of the scene.

Then I was sad when I found that the sets when built bore little or no resemblance to the artist's sketches.

When I say that there was no resemblance, I do not mean that the room or building was not of similar shape,—they

CLOSE UP

may even have put the door in the same place! But the entire atmosphere, which is after all the vital thing in the design—had been lost.

I do not profess to have a great knowledge of the Kinema, but I feel a great deal and have many thoughts (not all pleasant ones) about it.

What, one asks oneself, is the use of calling in an artist, a man whose latent talent has been trained to think in terms of atmosphere as related to design, and design as practicable in every-day life :—what is the use of asking this highly trained mind to create something for you which you will not use, or intend to distort ?

What is it that is wrong ?

Is it that the Director thinks that he knows more of Design than the Artist ; or is it that knowing so very little he fails to give the man the necessary instructions, and facilities for finding out the possibilities and limitations of the space he is designing for ?

The “still” which struck one most in your January number was that of the mill bedroom in *Am Rande der Welt*.

I can find but one point of real resemblance between the sketch and the finished “set” :—the floor in both is of boards !

I can think of no conceivable reason why the entire design and furnishing should have been altered. Often it is the difficulty of placing the lights, but here it can not be that, as the light falls into the room at the same angle in both versions. Needless to say it does not *look* the same in both as there are not the same objects for it to light.

CLOSE UP

I don't know the story of *Am Rande der Welt*, but whether one knows it or not, it is obvious that whereas the first sketch gives one a definite feeling, the actual "set" conveys to one just nothing at all.

We know that in all big concerns much effort is bound to be wasted, but as long as the required end has been obtained these losses do not matter ; they are part of the game. But if through the loss of some of the small efforts, or through the work of a more important worker being unrecognised, the combination fail to get what they set out for, then there is something wrong—badly wrong, with the management.

In the case of the Kinema that management is most frequently the producer. It is he who in most cases finally decides the How, When, and Where of the picture.

So long as the Kinema is *purely* a business concern there will remain this tendency to mutilate Art : let us hope that as the years pass this tendency will be modified as it has been already in the realm of commercial art and to a lesser degree in the theatre.

RUTH TONGE.

(*Photographer and Art Director for The Manchester Film Society.*)

HOLLYWOOD NOTES

The movies are more than living up to their sobriquet. They are moving right along to a revolution in cinema tech-

CLOSE UP

nique. Natural color is already achieved ; stereoscopic projection is on the way ; and now comes the audible photoplay.

Two recent inventions for the simultaneous projection of sound and pictures—the Vitaphone and the Movietone—have reached a point of development that has prompted two of the big Hollywood producers to put on pictures in which all of the titles, as well as much heretofore impossible dialog, will be spoken from the screen by the actors themselves.

Warner Brothers, controlling Vitaphone, are now preparing to put on in this new fashion *The Lion and the Mouse* and *Tenderloin*, with Dolores Costello.

William Fox, the owner of Movietone, is going a step farther and is getting ready to phono-film several operas and musical comedies. As starters, these will include tabloid versions of *Pagliacci*, with Al Jolson, and *Blossom Time*, with Janet Gaynor, recently made famous by her work in *Seventh Heaven* and *Sunrise*.

Charlie Chaplin, after a two-years absence from the screen has now given the world his *Circus*, and is already at work on his next opus, *Nowhere*. Immediately following that will be an ambitious non-comedy photodrama of Napoleon. Chaplin has himself written the Napoleon scenario and will direct the picture, but report has it that he will not himself play the title role !

Tom Mix, the Wild West hero is forming a picture company

CLOSE UP

of his own ; and for the next two years, by way of change and novelty, will make movies in the Argentine.

The South American *gaucho* is as romantic a figure in his way as the Western cowboy ; and Mix, with his trained horse and his skill with the lariat and the six-shooter, will no doubt do much to popularize this dare-devil rider of the pampas, as well as broaden the geography knowledge of millions of school boys.

Viewed from the business angle, Tom Mix's venture will be watched with interest. Other screen heroes and heroines have attempted similar solo ventures—breaking away from the big producing companies, and, on the strength of their personal popularity, undertaking to make pictures on their own.

The usual result is disaster, both financial and professional. The average first-magnitude cinema stars, for all of their brilliance, are not brilliant enough to realize that their screen success under the banner of an established company is not wholly a matter of personality. Many other factors are involved, not the least of which are experienced supervision and direction combined with a highly organized system of exploitation with which no single individual can hope to compete.

Charles Ray, whose popularity a few years back rivaled that of Douglas Fairbanks, brought his cinema career to a tragic conclusion by becoming an independent and producing *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

Gloria Swanson is another who thru the ambition of inde-

CLOSE UP

pendence has slipped from the top rung of the ladder of popularity. After two or three unsuccessful pictures of her own, she is now struggling heroically, but with apparent hopelessness, to save herself from going completely to the bottom.

Starting her cinema career as a bathing beauty in Mack Sennett's comedy factory, she rose to stardom thru Cecil de Mille's direction under the Lasky banner, and at the time she ventured forth as a free lance she was commanding a salary of something like half a million a year and enjoying a popularity that has never been exceeded by any woman star of the screen.

C. H.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

Wow!

I am going to ask it as a favour of you that you stop sending me "Close-Up" Fact is, it doesn't interest me at all. Awfully sorry, but you might as well send it to some guy that likes the supercilious and chip on the shoulder articles that so delight your editors. Every time I get the magazine I have a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I say to myself, more grouches, snobbishness and sly hittings at America and its MONEY. And its ART, and its PEOPLE, and its general all round BIGNESS. I am quite fed up on it and I do not read anything modern any more. I quite adore the Victorian age and am proud of it. So that's that. VIOLA B. JORDAN. Tenafly. NEW JERSEY.

And a kind word!

May I congratulate you on this month's (February) *Close Up*, which is quite your best number to-date; not least among the improvements being

CLOSE UP

the fact that the pages are already cut. I welcome your list of "films recommended by *Close Up*" and would suggest that you could double its value by inserting in each copy sold in England a short supplement giving the most artistic releases of the month. So few really good films get press notices, and an even greater number are so damned by Wardour Street titles that unless one keeps a constant watch over a very wide area, one is liable to miss many masterpieces. J. B. SOMERVILLE. Banstead, SURREY.

(We welcome this suggestion, and will as far as possible act upon it. Many thanks. Ed.)

Public Support!

The Paris idea of groups of people who get a cinema for a special performance sounds admirable. I wish it could be done here. But most people I have met in E—— look on films as "the pictures", and leave it at that. If you tell them that such or such a film is well directed, or well lit, or well acted, or well anything, they regard you as a crank. A "picture" is a "picture", and it is nothing more. One goes to the pictures as one goes to church (only with rather more certainty as to the result). H. G. M. SUSSEX.

Films of the Year.

An editorial note tells us that this book is designed "to supply film-lovers with pictures that gave them pleasure on the screen; secondly, that students may be able to appreciate fully the methods by which impressive effects were secured; thirdly, that those who believe in the cinema may have examples at hand to illustrate their belief, and lastly to bring the possibilities of the moving picture before those who have not yet realised what it can achieve." —An aim which, in itself, would capture immediate sympathy, even were the book far less handsome and distinguished than it is.

The first thing that strikes the attention on opening it is the beautiful reproduction of the "stills"; depth of tone, fineness of detail, all is there as in the original photographs. It may be that some will criticise the fact that they are printed in dark sepia instead of black, but this will be purely a question of personal taste, as there are definite points in favour of the sepia

CLOSE UP

tone, notably a tendency,—curious as it may seem—to enhance the depth of shadow or dark spaces with an almost velvet quality.

The “stills” are well chosen, and decidedly representative. The most cursory examination makes evident their aesthetic as well as their kinetic value, since each in itself suggests a before and after, a complete mobility. This in itself is enough, surely, to at least persuade “those who have not yet realised” the possibility of the cinema that there is indeed more there than meets the eye, though the main value lies in the prefatory essay, and in the summary and criticism of the “stills” themselves.

The educational (in the best sense of the word) significance of this book should not be overlooked, for there can be no doubt that it will persuade the suspicious and beguile the wary. It will be the eye that will see for them, and teach them to see for themselves. In having achieved this, Mr. Herring has rendered a real service to the screen. His observations that “the cinema alone can answer our growing need to be fully articulate” and that the cinema is an art “because it expresses a part of us that can be expressed in no other way” are the clue to whatever the reader will be enriched by when he has sufficiently studied the book.

Films of the Year, at the modest price of five shillings, is certainly not to be missed. It is good fare. We would like to suggest now that *the Studio* will make a point of bringing it out annually, or, better still, semi-annually, and by this means, establish a valuable record of artistic progress and achievement that must otherwise be only a series of memories gradually overlaid and lost by newer material. (ROBERT HERRING. *The Studio*. 44, Leicester Square, LONDON. 5/- net).

FILMS RECOMMENDED BY CLOSE UP.

FIRST CHOICE.

Die Liebe der Jeanne Ney (Lusts of the Flesh).

Ufa. Direction G. W. Pabst. Manuscript : Leonhardt. Cameraman : F. A. Wagner. Edith Jehanne, Brigitte Helm, Fritz Rasp. Uno Henning, A. E. Licho, Vladimir Sokoloff. in exquisite, characteristic Pabst scenario.

CLOSE UP

Superb technique, acting, photography. Set in Crimea and Montparnasse. To be seen at all costs. (English release Dec. 31)

Dona Juana.

Ufa in conjunction with Elizabeth Bergner's Poetic Film Company. Direction Paul Czinner. Photography by Carl Freund. From the Spanish of Tirso da Molina. Elizabeth Bergner, Walter Rilla. Stills are elsewhere in this issue.

Bed and Sofa (Trois dans un Sous-sol).

Studfilm A. G. Ludmila Semenova, Woldemar Fogel and Nicoletti Bataloff in new Russian film. The *Potemkin* method applied to domestic drama. Amazing psychology. Uncompromising treatment. Directed by Alexander Room.

The Mother.

From the story by Maxim Gorki. Meshrabom-Rus-Production. Direction W. Pudowkin. The mother : W. Baranowskajas. The father : Leinstjakoff. The son : Nicoletti Bataloff.

The Black Sunday.

Production Goskino. Direction Wiskowski. A second *Potemkin*, continuing the story of the 1905 revolution. If possible more realistic in treatment than *Potemkin*, though less masterly in appeal.

The Postmaster.

Meshrabom-Rus-Production. From the novel by Pouschkin. Directed by Jeliaboujski and Moskvine, with Moskvine in the leading role, and Ta-

CLOSE UP

marine and Mme. Malinowskaja. Dynamic beauty with typical Russian quality of realism. (This film will be trade shown in London on March 16th. at the Hippodrome by F. B. O. Release date will be announced later).

Geiger von Florenz (Impetuous Youth).

Ufa. Direction Paul Czinner. Elizabeth Bergner, Conrad Veidt, Walter Rilla. Photography by Freund. Not to be missed.

Voyage to the Congo.

Neofilm production. A photographic record by Marc Allegret of the journey made by Andre Gide and himself to unknown regions of the Congo, as told by Gide in his book of the same name. Vivid and unique.

Schinderhannes.

Prometheus-Film super-production. Direction Kurt Bernhardt. Scenario by same with Carl Zuckmayer. Photography Gunther Krampf. Sets by Heinrich Richter. Superb cast including Hans Stüwe, Fritz Rasp, Lissi Arna, Frieda Richard, Albert Steinruck, Kowal-Samborski.

Rien que les Heures and En Rade.

Neofilm productions directed by A. Cavalcanti. Catherine Hessling starred.

SECOND CHOICE.

Kopf Hoch Charley (Bigamie).

Ufa. Ellen Richter in marvellous role. Directed by Willi Wolff. Last third of picture falls off.

CLOSE UP

Moral.

Matador-Film-Verleih. (Universal Pictures Corporation). Ellen Richter and Harry Halm in bright and charming comedy. Directed by Willi Wolff.

Out of the Mist (Hagar's Sohn).

Defu Production. Mady Christians, Werner Fuetterer, Vladimir Sokoloff in drama of German mountains. Beautiful lighting. Directed by Fritz Werdhausen.

Alraune (Mandrake).

Ama-Film. From the book by Hanns Heinz Ewers, directed by Henrik Galeen. Fantastic fare for those who like the improbable. Brigitte Helm in title role. Paul Wegener, Ivan Petrovitch, Valeska Gert, Wolfgang Zilzer.

Am Rande der Welt (The Edge of the World).

Ufa. Directed by Carl Grune. Sets by Neppach. Brigitte Helm. Albert Steinrück. Plea for pacifism. Fails in this respect, but has beautiful sets and lighting.

White Gold.

De Mille production, directed by William K. Howard. Jetta Goudal, George Bancroft. Admirable restraint in tragic story. Bad comedy touches.

Wolf's Clothing (La Folle Nuit).

A delightful Lubitsch comedy with Monty Blue and Pasty Ruth Miller. More than meets the eye, being in every way as pathological and in the same

CLOSE UP

vein as *Secrets of the Soul*. Only you don't know it unless you know something of psycho-analytical dream symbolism.

Natur und Liebe (Nature and Love).

"Kulturfilm" by Ufa. Made by Dr. Ulrich Schulz.

The King of Kings.

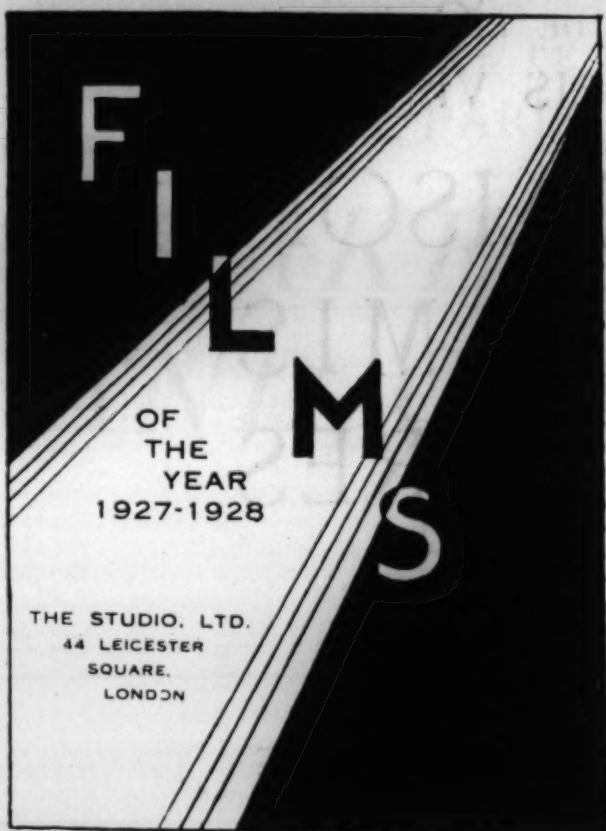
Cecil M. de Mille production. H. B. Warner, Jacqueline Logan, Ernest Torrence, Rudolph and Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, Wm Boyd.

Queen Louise.

Terra Film. Carl Grune somewhat below par. Mady Christians in title role. Arpad Viragh photographs.

Sunrise.

Fox Film. Directed by Murneau. See article elsewhere.



A photographic record
of
the year's best films

5/- net

With notes on aesthetic
significance and pictorial
construction

FILMS OF THE YEAR

1927-1928

The Development of an Invention — The Birth of an Art
by ROBERT HERRING

Illustrating the following films examined in *Close Up* :

Faust. — *The Student of Prague.* — *Emak Bakia.* — *The Way.*
Die Liebe der Jeanne Ney. — *Out of the Mist.* — *Stürmflut.*

as well as many others, including :

Prince Achmed. — *The Marriage of the Bear.* — *Hotel Imperial.*
Hine-Moa. — *The Waltz Dream.* — *The Circus.*

"Something new in books on films". — *Kinematograph Weekly.*

THE STUDIO LTD. 44 LEICESTER SQ. W. C.

7, RUE DE L'ODÉON
PARIS VI^e

LA MAISON DES AMIS DES LIVRES

ADRIENNE MONNIER

LIBRAIRIE
SOCIÉTÉ DE LECTURE

« LA MAISON DES AMIS DES LIVRES is indisputably the founder of the present bookshop movement. It introduced two great principles which have now been established : the first, of a moral order, demands that the bookseller be not only cultivated but that he or she undertake the task of a veritable priesthood ; the second, of a material order, reposes on the practice of the sale and loan of books.

The Library of the MAISON DES AMIS DES LIVRES is today the most complete and the richest library in existence. It possesses a great number of works that are out of print. There one finds all the Moderns up to the most extreme, and all the Classics. »

VALÉRY LARBAUD

(La Revue de France)

12, RUE DE L'ODÉON
PARIS VI^e

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY

SYLVIA BEACH

BOOKSHOP
LENDING LIBRARY

PUBLISHERS OF " ULYSSES "

« I shall be doing a service in pointing out the most complete and modern Anglo-American libraries that Paris possesses.

« It is SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY run by Miss Sylvia Beach whose role as publisher and propagandist in France of the most recent English and American works assures her from now on an enviable place in the literary history of the United States, and who assembles the elite among the young English, Irish and Americans who are temporally in Paris. »

VALÉRY LARBAUD

(La Revue de France)

LES ÉDITIONS
PIERRE BRAUNBERGER

v e n d e n t

dans

le

monde

entier

les

meilleurs

films

.....
Avez-vous besoin d'un conseil

artistique ?

technique ?

commercial ?

financier ?

*Nous vous mettrons en relation avec les meilleurs
spécialistes du monde cinématographique*

15 avenue Matignon 15

PARIS VIII^e

Téléphone : Élysée 86-84

THE DIAL

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF ART AND LITERATURE

FOUNDED 1880 BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE

Editor : Marianne Moore

Adviser : Scofield Thayer



AMONG RECENT CONTRIBUTORS ARE :

W. C. BLUM
KENNETH BURKE
E. E. CUMMINGS
H. D.
FRANK DOBSON
RALPH CHEEVER DUNNING
ROGER FRY
ALYSE GREGORY
GASTON LACHAISE
MARIE LAURENCIN

D. H. LAWRENCE
THOMAS MANN
PAUL MORAND
RAYMOND MORTIMER
PABLO PICASSO
PAUL ROSENFELD
GERTRUDE STEIN
PAUL VALÉRY
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

*".... often full of very interesting things, and is so well printed,
and makes for good all round."*

The Mask. July 1925.



ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS

(Foreign postage 60 cents additional)



ADDRESS :

152 WEST 13th STREET NEW YORK

*La plus importante revue française
de Cinéma*

LA CINÉMATOGRAPHIE
FRANÇAISE

Chaque semaine toutes les nouvelles du Cinéma

FILMS EN PRÉPARATION

ANALYSES DES NOUVEAUX FILMS

CHRONIQUE DE L'EXPLOITATION

CHRONIQUE FINANCIÈRE

LES PROGRÈS DE LA TECHNIQUE

LES NOUVELLES INVENTIONS

Nouvelles d'Angleterre, Amérique, Allemagne, Espagne, Italie

DIRECTEUR RÉDACTEUR EN CHEF : P.-A. HARLÉ

5, rue Saulnier, PARIS (9^e)

Téléphone : PROVENCE 02. 13

a young society

NEOFILM

groups young producers
under the artistic and technical direction of
ALBERTO CAVALCANTI
who directed

THE 3 first NEOFILM productions

RIEN QUE LES HEURES

EN RADE

YVETTE

ANDRÉ GIDE and MARC ALLÉGRET'S Travel Picture

VOYAGE AU CONGO

is

A NEOFILM PRODUCTION

Do not miss these

CIVILIANS

by BRYHER

"What part have civilians in war?" It is this question asked by the author that makes one realise here is not a searchlight merely, but an oxy-acetelene flame burning to the very heart of Wartime England.

"So war began with cheering and ended with drunkenness. What about Berlin? What of the defeated? What for all of to-morrow? There was nothing to do for those not drunk but to go to bed. As they had gone to bed on August the Fourth. There was a lot of ruin in between. Where did the old code lead? Be a good wife, be a good mother, be a good citizen led to this—drunken men cheering in a war, drunken women cheering out a war. Nobody caring, nobody responsible. People dying, even civilians dying". Or again:

"Your King and Country Need You, screamed the posters. Well they were learning now what king and country was. "You bloody bastard..." the sergeant began, and the cane descended again, full between a horse's ears. The rest of the sentence was lost in the jingling of the reins. Children in prams sat and watched "the soldiers"... "It's a shame," someone in the crowd yelled... "Not so good for recruiting to do that in the open," an officer was saying... The recruits galloped along the Row. On hoardings black robed mothers with white hair prodded their sons toward bayonets."

This is a vivid and remorseless book of the War, unique in every way. A great book. Price 7 shillings and sixpence.

also

By E. L. BLACK

WHY DO THEY LIKE IT

Other books

FROM ANY OF THE CLOSE UP AGENTS

OR DIRECT FROM POOL

RIANT CHATEAU TERRITET SUISSE

two new *POOL* books

GAUNT ISLAND

by KENNETH MACPHERSON

A tale of the outer Hebrides, a small island "where things happen." "Fear struck a note in him,—a treble clang. It was easy to apprehend a hand filling the dusk, stretched down to him. A hand. . . eyes. . . something."

It is not joy that waits for you here.

Then he shook his throat from the upturned collar of his weatherproof and regained 'pride, There was a club foot of rock and erosions had continued it in a leg. The family stronghold was set on the instep, wary with watchtowers. It was an attempt at shelter from Atlantic gales, seen only obliquely from the sea, but the wind made arcs and tormented it with catcalls. . . . Night set off across the sea like an expedition. Something would happen. Rising, he felt the land shake under impact. Tide crashed against his feet. " . . . leads to an immense climax :

"Get that woman out of here," said Mannering, "someone take her away and attend to her." Mrs. Mannering bowed down her head and wept terribly. She gained control at once. Aggie Scott was screaming down the corridor, more and more faintly, "It was an accident, my finger nail. My finger nail. . . ." A grim impassivity fell upon the room. The candles guttered frenziedly in strong draughts." an absorbing and tragic tale, capturing the true island sense of sea and weather and emotions "on this island hybrid and unfeasible." **Price 7 shillings and sixpence.**

also

By the same author

POOL REFLECTION

in preparation

FROM ANY OF THE CLOSE UP AGENTS

OR DIRECT FROM POOL

RIANT CHATEAU TERRITET SUISSE

THE FUTURE OF BOOKS

Whatever may be the decision of a later age, no one can think carelessly of a world without Books. Too many may be printed, but the Reader's remedy is simple. Register your preferences with John and Edward Bumpus, who for the sake of your Reading and their Reputation will keep you advised of the absolute best.

Write (or ' phone Mayfair 1223)

JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS Ltd.

By appointment to His Majesty the King

At the Old Marylebone Watch House

350 OXFORD STREET LONDON W. 1

ALL
AMERICANS

in

FRANCE
SWITZERLAND
ENGLAND

are printing their books

AT THE SHOP

of the

MASTER PRINTER
MAURICE DARANTIERE
DIJON FRANCE

PRINTED
BY
MAURICE DARANTIERE
AT
DIJON FRANCE
M. CM. XXVIII

CLOSE UP

EDITOR : K. MACPHERSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR : BRYHER

PUBLISHED BY POOL

RIANT CHATEAU - TERRITET - SWITZERLAND

CONTENTS

As-Is	KENNETH MACPHERSON
Antioch	BRYHER
Eric von Stroheim	CLIFFORD HOWARD
"Something" must be Done	O. B.
Combination Stage and Film	HELMUTH WALDOW
The End of Saint-Petersburg	HELMUTH WALDOW
So Blue	ROBERT HERRING
Punctuation marks	OSWELL BLANCKTON
Continuous Performance	DOROTHY RICHARDSON
Comment and Review	

Paris Correspondent : Marc Allegret

London Correspondent : Robert Herring

Hollywood Correspondent : Clifford Howard

New York Editor : Symon Graid

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ENGLAND	14 shillings per year
FRANCE	100 F 95 8291 1421910 year
GERMANY	14 marks per year
AMERICA	4 dollars and 50 cents per year

CLOSE UP

Copyright 1928 by Pool

CLOSE UP

EDITOR : K. MACPHERSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR : BRYHER

PUBLISHED BY POOL

RIANT CHATEAU - TERRITET - SWITZERLAND

CONTENTS

<i>As Is.</i>	KENNETH MACPHERSON.
<i>Anita Loos : an Interview.</i>	BRYHER.
<i>Eric von Stroheim</i>	CLIFFORD HOWARD.
<i>"Something" must be Done.</i>	O. B.
<i>Combination Stage and Film</i>	HELLMUND - WALDOW.
<i>The End of Saint-Petersburg</i>	HELLMUND-WALDOW.
<i>So Blue</i>	ROBERT HERRING.
<i>Punctuation marks</i>	OSWELL BLAKESTON.
<i>Continuous Performance.</i>	DOROTHY RICHARDSON.
<i>Comment and Review</i>	

Paris Correspondent : Marc Allégret.

London Correspondent : Robert Herring.

Hollywood Correspondent : Clifford Howard.

New York Editor : Symon Gould

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ENGLAND . . .	14 shillings per year.
FRANCE . . .	70 francs per year.
GERMANY . . .	14 marks per year.
AMERICA. . .	3 dollars and 50 cents per year.

GREETINGS TO CLOSE UP!

The FILM ARTS GUILD, inaugurators of the Little Cinema Movement in America, extends its welcome to another pioneer in the realm of screen art —CLOSE UP—the first international periodical dedicated to the higher interests of motion pictures.

In undertaking its editorial representation in New York, the Film Arts Guild assumes the responsibility of bringing to the European as well as the American readers of CLOSE UP, the major screen achievements of Hollywood and also of various groups of experimentalists in the United States.

The Film Arts Guild also invites inquiries and correspondence from the readers of CLOSE UP on all aspects of American films, which will be answered either direct or through the columns of this periodical.

The Guild also extends its co-operation to European film producers in finding a market for its productions, whether commercial or artistic, and solicits correspondence along these lines.

Our hope is to establish through CLOSE UP a medium of interchange which will provide a common basis for those of keen faith in the inherent possibilities of this new art form.

SYMON GOULD,
Director. *Film Arts Guild.*